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THE
SUNDAY SCHOOL SPEAKER,
OR
EXERCISES
FOR
ANNIVERSARIES AND CELEBRATIONS.

CONSISTING OF
ADDRESSES, DIALOGUES, RECITATIONS, BIBLE CLASS
LESSONS, HYMNS, ETC.

ADAPTED TO THE VARIOUS SUBJECTS TO WHICH
SABBATH SCHOOL EFFORTS ARE DIRECTED.

BY J. KENNADAY, D. D.

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PREFACE.

BEFORE entering upon the more extensive duties of the ministry, the author of this volume was employed for some time as a Sunday school teacher, in the city of New York. For more than twenty-five years he has been endeavouring, in various places, to co-operate with the friends of this institution in directing efforts to the following important objects :

1. The increase and punctuality in attendance, and the promotion of the piety of the school ;
2. The securing the confidence and support of the Church and community ;
3. The acquisition of funds requisite for the efficient conduct of the school.

These objects have been promoted by anniversary meetings, at which efficient speakers have been employed, and by sermons preached sometimes to the children particularly, and at other times to the congregation in general. Such

efforts have been marked with such success that it is not desirable entirely to relinquish them. But no means have ever been found so perfectly adapted to promote the above objects as an Anniversary celebration. On such occasions the church is usually crowded, and I have never known an instance in which such a celebration has not succeeded in procuring for the school all the financial help it required.

In Philadelphia, New York, Brooklyn, Newburgh, Wilmington, and various other places where I have held such celebrations, I have deemed them of great influence in promoting the revival of religion, while nothing tends so fully to develope to a congregation the true importance of the Sunday school.

In the origin of these celebrations, having taken part in preparing the exercises, and in their progress, having contributed to them in various parts of the United States, this volume is arranged in conformity to the wishes very extensively expressed, of those whose interests in behalf of children are too well known to me to allow of my not complying with their request.

INTRODUCTORY SUGGESTIONS.



I. THE CHARACTER OF THE EXERCISES.

AS the leading design of Sunday school instruction is entirely different from that of ordinary literary schools, being religious in its character, the exercises of a celebration should have a decided religious tendency. Every thing introduced on these occasions should not only be *school-like*, but *Sunday school-like*. Though it may be advisable sparingly to introduce something that may dispel tediousness, and which may serve to animate, interest, and even excite the children, due care must be observed to cultivate in the minds of the children, a reverence for the place, while nothing must occur to offend the piety of the spiritually minded. These considerations have been appreciated in the exercises here arranged.

II. THE TIME AT WHICH THE CELEBRATION SHOULD BE HELD.

Any of the great public festivals are most appropriate, *viz*: Christmas, New-Year, Easter, the Fourth of July, &c. Christmas being the most replete with incidents pleasant to childhood, is, perhaps, the most suitable. It is an occasion on which they may profitably study the history of the "Holy Child Jesus," and awake anew the songs of angels. Christmas is the jubilee of childhood, and I would much rejoice to see it appropriated especially to the improvement of children, as one grand general day of Sunday school celebrations. Where this day cannot be selected, New-Year's day is next in adaptation. In many instances night will be found the most suitable and convenient. Exercises adapted specially to one occasion, are no less important on any festival. The Saviour's birth and resurrection are always of moment, and topics for any occasion.

III. THE AMOUNT OF EXERCISES.

Those who take part in the exercises will, some of them, be small children, as well as many who attend as spectators. The school will occupy the body and centre of the church,

so that the small children will not share the immediate care of their parents. These circumstances, particularly when the celebration is held at night, render it necessary that the exercises should not be too extended. One hour and a half is generally sufficient, as the scholars usually assemble nearly an hour sooner than the congregation, thus confining the children nearly two hours and a half. It is true, the people will retire with a strong desire to have been kept much longer, but it is much better to close with a good spirit than to surfeit the people and fatigue the children.

These exercises require that the children be well taught and practised. It is better to have little well done, than to have much poorly done. As a suggestion a programme is here appended, giving the variety of exercises and the probable amount of minutes each will require. The congregation being large, and assembling early, it will serve to compose them and tend to interest them, to have the first hymn selected from the hymn book, read by the pastor, and sung by the whole congregation. "From all that dwell below the skies," is a good hymn, and glorious "Old Hundred," a good tune. I admire "Old Hundred" on such an occasion, because, apart from its own excellence, it was composed by the great reformer, Martin Luther.

Programme.

1. Singing by Congregation,	6	minutes
2. Prayer,	5	“
3. Singing by Children,	5	“
4. Address by a large Boy,	8	“
5. Recitation by a lesser Girl,	5	“
6. Do. do. Boy,	5	“
7. Bible Class examined,	10	“
8. Singing by Children,	5	“
9. Dialogue by large Boys,	10	“
10. Recitation by a very small Boy,	4	“
11. Do. do. Girl,	4	“
12. Singing by Infant Class,	6	“
13. Dialogue by large Girls,	8	“
14. Address by a large Girl,	8	“
15. Singing by Children,	5	“
16. Collection,	5	“
17. Singing by Children,	5	“
18. Benediction.		

IV. THE SELECTION OF SPEAKERS.

It is not advisable to select children that are very large. Care must be taken in selecting the children to study the character of the matter, as the speakers should be adapted in years to the subject they present. In a dialogue,

where one speaker is giving instruction to another, the instructor must be the oldest and largest.

In some instances the most ready to speak are not the most suitable.

Too many children should not be selected from the same family, nor should the same children be too frequently chosen, as it is desirable to distribute these little honours

In all cases care must be observed not to excite the vanity of the children, by impressing them with any opinion of their talents. It would detract from the benefits of these celebrations if, in individual instances, they were injurious. As tending to excite vanity, I have always doubted the propriety of publishing the names of the speakers in programmes.

V. PREPARATORY PRACTICE.

The success of a celebration depends very much upon the attention bestowed upon the children privately. Much will be found awkward and imperfect in the children, and it will require great patience and effort to get them to *understand* what they are speaking, and properly to *execute* their work.

1. They should be heard without reference to

gesture, until they are found fully to have committed the matter assigned to them.

2. *Emphasis, gesture*, and every thing relating to *style*, should be taught them next.

3. A proper elevation of voice is of great moment. Whole dialogues are sometimes spoken which cannot be heard three seats from the platform. The person engaged in training the children should, at particular times, take his position at the extremity of the church or lecture room, and in a loud voice tell the children to speak so that he can hear them. The children will soon perceive the design, and by the perseverance of the instructor will overcome all difficulties. Every effort made in private will be fully repaid in the public execution.

On the Sabbath prior to the celebration, it is well to go through with all the exercises before the school.

VI. TO THE YOUTHFUL SPEAKER.

1. When you are practising speak as though you were in the church and on the platform, as all your exercising in private is with a view to your effort there.

2. The little girls, upon coming upon the platform, or retiring, must make a gentle courtesy,

which the ladies will see, by previous attention, they are prepared to do. The boy must *bow*, upon coming forward or retiring. In doing this be careful to let your hands hang down with ease. Neither raise your arm nor suffer it to be stiffened. When you reach your place upon the platform, (toward one end if in a dialogue, and near the centre if an address,) bring your right heel to the centre of your left foot, make a gentle and slow inclination of your head, gently bending your body at the same time—then gently lift your head, being careful all the time to keep your arms hanging with ease. This bow is modest and sufficient.

3. When on the platform do not smile at any child whose eye you may perceive. Begin to speak as though you were addressing the person by the clock or nearest the door. If he hears you, all the rest will. Remember you are on the platform; the school is immediately before you; the superintendent immediately in front of the platform; the pastor in the pulpit behind you; and your parents and friends in the gallery. When you speak of either of these, turn your eyes toward them. When speaking of God, heaven, Jesus, angels, &c., turn your eyes slightly upward; when speaking of earth, grave, &c., let your eyes glance downward.

4. When action is called for, and you lift

your hands, let them be raised a little if you speak of the school—toward the gallery, if you speak of your parents or the public. But these are matters which must be left to the good taste of those who personally instruct you. Try, constantly try, to speak *loud*, *clear*, and *slow*.

“Learn to speak slow, all other graces,
Will follow in their proper places.”

PART I.
ADDRESSES BY BOYS.



ADDRESS BY A BOY.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO SABBATH SCHOOL LABOUR.

Respected Audience—

I COME before you with my youthful heart burdened with thoughts upon a subject of the greatest moment. Before I give utterance to those thoughts, permit me to express the gladness I feel in the presence of our parents, teachers, and friends.

To meet in obedience to the call of our Sabbath school guardians, is at all times gratifying to our feelings; but to come together upon occasions like the present is truly rejoicing. The tribes of Israel were accustomed to worship, every tribe under its own banner, save on those occasions when it was usual for them upon some great festival to unite in one general assembly; so we, during the past year, have been necessarily restricted to our own respective schools: yet now, with a gladness that can-

not be expressed, we view those middle walls of partition removed for a while, and we meet together in one common throng in this the "tabernacle of the congregation." It is a solemn yet pleasing indication to the heart of every pious child, of the happiness of that day when "they shall come from the north and from the south, and from the east and from the west, and shall sit down in the kingdom of their heavenly Father."

It is not my intention, even should such a task be considered appropriate in one of my humble years, to present any arguments in support of an institution upon which, in so clear a manner, the glory of the Lord has rested.

Should I attempt to enumerate the advantages of the Sabbath school, my youthful heart would tremble under their weight, and lost in the contemplation of their greatness, I would have to exclaim with the psalmist, "they are more than can be told."

The work of argument I shall leave for older and for abler hands. But to you, our superintendents and teachers, I must be permitted to address a few words of encouragement.

However numerous and free may be the gifts of a beneficent Providence, it is a feature in the Divine government to connect labour and reward. He, therefore, who would share in the reward, must first be a partaker of the toil. The

Lord hath said, “he that soweth little shall reap little, and he that soweth plenteously shall reap plenteously.” Be not discouraged, dear teachers, though some of us appear at present to reject the instruction you impart with so much fidelity and affection. If the prophet was constrained to lament the hardness of the human heart, and to exclaim “who hath believed our report?”—yea, if seed, distributed by the unerring hand of the Son of God, sometimes fall by the way side, or among thorns, or even upon stony ground, shall ye be “weary and faint in your mind?”

The Sabbath school is the church’s nursery; and in the nursery how much of patient labour must be expended. Every little plant must be watched, and the dresser of the vineyard, with the eye and hand of vigilance, must adopt those measures which will give health to the root and vigour to the branches. Let your labours, then, dear teachers, be unremitting in support of the Sunday school cause: a cause with which is blended, to an extent which cannot be reached even by the eye of an angel, the happiness, now and for ever, of these children, the children of our country—and the children of our whole earth.

Should you, at any moment, suffer your hearts to despond, let the exposures of our childhood impel you to our rescue. Sin, like the avenger of blood pursuing the manslayer, is pressing

upon us with every step of our being ; but, under God, the Sabbath school points us to our city of refuge. Iniquity, like a mighty flood, is sweeping over our land ; but the Sabbath school is our holy ark, whose walls are salvation and whose gates are praise. Already have your labours been crowned with much success. In every department of virtuous life are to be found men and women, who once were children at the Sabbath school, while the society of the redeemed on high is receiving its accessions from among those children who, through the instrumentality of this institution, were brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ, for children often die, even the children of the Sabbath school. There are many such in heaven ; some, perhaps, gathered there through the sanctified efforts of some who are here to-day. If, at any period, your hearts should falter through any discouragement, let the prospect of reward re-animate your hope, and may your toils be cheered by the vision of that rest which “remains for the people of God.”

“’Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
There only I covet to rest ;
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast ;
’Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart ;
Conceal’d in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.”

ADDRESS BY A BOY.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO LABOUR.

Respected Audience—

HOWEVER inappropriate it may be, upon ordinary occasions, for one of my youth, to address an assembly of such character as the one before me, yet, I trust, the great object for which we are convened, will sufficiently justify my effort in appealing to you in behalf of the Sabbath school.

Children are the objects of much temptation, and consequently claim the solicitude of the more advanced in years. Being the special objects of Divine favour, and being the recipients of Sabbath school instruction, they should be privileged occasionally to break their silence, in rendering thanks to those who labour for them, and in expressing their admiration of this holy institution.

The principal object for which I appear at present, is to urge to unabated efforts, those upon whom rests the responsibility of sustaining this important cause.

In this department of religious labour, particular attention is given to the inculcation of sentiments leading to an early attachment to the Bible. Childhood, to which the grave is always dark and repulsive, is taught in the Bible to look upon the "life that now is," as the vestibule of "that which is to come;" and instead of fixing a desponding eye upon the "valley of the shadow of death," here the vision of youth is cheered by the light of the Bible, and encouraged to look on high to the scenes of "immortality and eternal life."

"Here light descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet,
Here promises of heavenly love,
Our ardent wishes meet.

"Our numerous griefs are here redrest,
And all our wants supplied ;
Naught we can ask to make us blest,
Is in this book denied."

Could I do no more upon this occasion to encourage those who are engaged in this field of labour, I would stretch out my hands to you, our superintendents, teachers, and friends, in behalf of these children, and urge you, as you have taken us upon your arms, never to lay us down, until we reach that period of life in which the vigour of our youth, strengthened by your moral training, shall prepare us for the resist-

ance of temptation and the discharge of those duties which will then devolve upon us.

You are now bearing "the burden and heat of the day." Though you may sometimes be almost discouraged from our childish perverseness, yet I am persuaded your "labour shall not be in vain," for as we ripen in years, whatever "childish things" we shall leave off, our remembrance of you will strengthen with time, as the fruit of your planting shall ripen and appear.

Although some of us may now appear insensible to your kindness, yet I believe I speak what all our hearts will one day feel, that such of us as shall attain to manhood, could we, after years of separation, mingle with you in a scene like this, we would gather around you as children around a long absent father, and cling to you in all the devotedness of our earliest love.

But gratifying as this might be, I know that there is a reward to which you look, of higher and eternal value—the approbation of your God. Of this, we trust your own hearts have already the assurance, and will share its full consummation in the day of our Lord's appearing.

"O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all."

A few words to our parents, and I will return to my silence and to my seat. I beseech you to sustain, by every means in your power, an institution which bears so many lambs in its bosom, and to become co-workers with those who are engaged in this work of mercy.

We make this appeal to you, our parents, because of your anxiety for the good of your children, and I only speak in behalf of every dutiful child here, when I say,

“ My father—my mother—I know,
I cannot your goodness repay ;
But I hope that as older I grow,
I shall learn your commands to obey.
You lov'd me before I could tell
Who it was that so tenderly smil'd,
And now, that I know it so well,
I should be a dutiful child.”

In this work, so much depends upon our mothers, that to them I must more particularly and most affectionately speak. Our mothers! Ye instruments of the most exalted good! Who, who can estimate the excellencies of your character, when your delight is to train your children in the fear of God. How many who now near me, feel, amid their riper years, that they owe most of the virtues that adorn them to the instrumentality of a mother, or may, at this moment, recur to some saint now in heaven, who lived to labour for their happiness, with the warmest fervour of a mother's love.

Usually limited by her disposition, as well as duties, to the scenes of her own house, the devoted mother renders her home the place of instruction, where, in confiding simplicity, the child inhales from its mother's lips the holy truths of the Son of God. Often does the countenance of the fond mother glow with delight, while her eye turns occasionally to heaven, as her soul breathes the fervent prayer for heaven's blessing upon her work. Yes, mothers, it was never intended that the Sabbath school should render your labours unnecessary, any more than it was designed to render unnecessary the labours of the sanctuary. The design is, as we trust results will continue to develope, that, under God, good seed will continue to be scattered through the agency of the Sunday school, which, watered at home, shall spring up in childhood, bear its fruit in the sanctuary, and be gathered finally into the everlasting garner of God.



ADDRESS BY A BOY.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO SABBATH SCHOOL LABOUR.

Respected Audience—

THE unusual appearance of one of my years before an assembly, may be thought by some to require an explanation. I trust, however, it will be deemed a sufficient apology, and that I shall have your forbearance, when I inform you that I come into your presence, the humble advocate of a cause of the utmost importance to the youth of the present and future generations.

If the Redeemer, whose ways are infinitely wise, when he called a child and stood him in the midst of the disciples, could render one so young instrumental in conveying instruction to minds so well informed, I cannot refrain from hoping that he will now permit a youth to have some instrumentality in presenting the claims of a cause so closely blended with the cause of Christ as is the Sabbath school.

I am the more ready, however feeble, to enter upon this duty, because I am surrounded by those who are already the friends of our school. I do not come in the character of little

David, the shepherd-son of Jesse, to contend with a mighty and defying Goliath. No! the battle is already fought—the victory is the Lord's; and the advantages of the Sabbath school are so very apparent to all, that not only those who give the subject a full investigation, but even the way-faring man need not err in opinion respecting it. My object, therefore, is not to remove your prejudices, for I trust you have none. My work is the more delightful one of uniting with you in your rejoicing over the past, and encouraging you in your labours for the future.

As it was said by an inspired apostle, when referring to the numerous and faithful converts to Christianity, ye are our “living epistles, known and read of all men,” so may the Sabbath school say of its numerous sons and daughters, now filling, in mature life, the most worthy and important stations. How many a Timothy, when but a child, was here taught the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make “wise unto salvation, which is by faith in Jesus Christ;” so that he now stands among the pillars in the house of God, or is numbered among the golden candlesticks of the altar. √ Others, who once were numbered among the lambs of our fold, have fallen asleep in Jesus, and have gone to be among the first fruits of that “great multi-

tude, which no man can number," many of whom, through the instrumentality of the Sabbath school, have been gathered to a home in heaven.

"Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve his love;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above."

As God is ever well pleased to employ and honour human instrumentality, the future success of this cause must greatly depend upon our ministers, superintendents, and teachers, as well as the co-operation of our friends generally. Though there are some who ought to be engaged in this work, who are standing "all the day idle," yet many of you entered in at an early day, and have faithfully continued. It is, however, one of the unfortunate tendencies of our nature, to become "weary in well doing." Even those disciples who saw the Lord's glory felt the flesh to be weak, insomuch that they needed his care to stir them up to watchfulness through a single hour. Be not disheartened then, though there be some whose hands occasionally hang down, whose knees tremble, and who almost "faint by the way." What, dear teachers, though some of us, your scholars, appear but little benefited by your efforts, "whatsoever you do, do as unto the Lord," and it shall be repaid

you abundantly. The work in which you are engaged will contribute to your own steadfastness in religion, and enlarge and enrich your minds in the grace and knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. Before I conclude, let me entreat you, our parents and friends, to sustain by your prayers, and to support by your liberality, an institution, the successful operations of which will form the present character, and control, to a great extent, the eternal happiness of these children. Act as God requires—as your conscience dictates—and as circumstances may allow. Then shall these children rise up and call you blessed, in this life, and blend with you in your rejoicings when your spirits shall unite with those “made perfect in heaven.”

“ There all the ship’s company meet,
Who sail’d with the Saviour beneath,
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o’er sorrow and death.
The voyage of life’s at an end,
The mortal affliction is past,
The age that in heaven we spend,
For ever and ever shall last.”



ADDRESS BY A BOY.

THE ADVANTAGES OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Respected Audience—

THE recurrence of our Sabbath school celebration, places upon me the responsibility of addressing you. This is a duty, I am well aware, which might be assigned to older and to abler hands than mine, and in the discharge of which might be employed, the pen of the most ready writer, and the tongue of the most eloquent pleader, as the Sabbath school is a cause over which angels rejoice, and which God has sealed with an approbation so decided, that no time can obliterate its traces from the globe. Millions of the children of our world are this day reposing under this vine and fig-tree, none daring to molest them or make them afraid. Of the tens of thousands of the happy Sunday school children of our own Columbia, we this day gather under this vine, and come with you in this season of vintage to pluck and eat its fruit of righteousness. Sitting with you in this heavenly place, we are each constrained to ex-

claim, he brought me "to his banqueting house, and his banner over me was love."

"All thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children," is a prophetic sentiment, and replete with the indications of Divine mercy to childhood. As it is our privilege to enjoy the realization of this glorious promise, it should be our happiness to utter the expressions of our most fervent gratitude.

I should, I am sensible, prove unfaithful to my duty, and act unworthily as the representative of these children, should I allow this occasion to pass without encouraging, in some humble degree, those who in this arduous work render us the objects of their prayerful toil. There are times, no doubt, when the instability of childhood renders apparent the difficulties of your work. It is not, however, upon the present, merely, that you are to look. To the future walks of honourable life you must extend your thoughts, where these children will appear to impart in a virtuous and useful example, the benefit derived from your counsel and your care. Nor must your view be limited by the horizon of the present life; for when our days are spent "as the days of an hireling," and we with you shall be released from time and its toils, there is a "reward for the righteous," which shall be

abundantly ministered unto all who do well. Nor is our journeying to that rest, through paths of roughness begirt with reeds and rushes, and rendered frightful by the roar and the bound of the lion. O no! the highway of our God has been opened, and stretching the eye over its unbroken length, we see in its distant vista, the promise of that "fulness of joy," which is found at the end of "the path of life."

O think, dear teachers, of the high and lasting consolation which it will afford you, if God should make you the instrument of salvation to but one child! What must be the happiness of that teacher, when the Lord shall call him to his reward. Look for a moment at that pure spirit, which though absent from the body, has gone to be present with the Lord. When the soul reaches the suburbs of that city which hath foundations, and just as the land of pure delight rises to his view, he is approached by a band of angels. Their raiment is pure white, and their faces beam with an indescribable loveliness. One smaller than the rest advances from the little group, and accosts the stranger-spirit, and with all the fervour and familiarity of a well-known friend, the angel salutes him by his name. "Who art thou," says the spirit, "and how is it that I am known to thee?" "Dost thou not know me?" says the angel. "I am

little Henry—the widow's son—a child of your class—to whom you used to speak of Jesus. "I prayed to him and found him—and though the Lord took me from the evil to come, he brought me to this happy and holy abode. Come! I will show you the gate; I will lead thee to the throne; and it shall give me joy in heaven, now that you have failed from the earth, to welcome you into everlasting habitations."

In conclusion, let me urge upon all, the importance of unremitted diligence, in promoting in every possible manner the prosperity of this cause.

"Fight on, ye conquering souls, fight on,
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of victory you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory ever wear,
In endless day."



ADDRESS BY A BOY.

Respected Audience—

IN coming before this assembly, at the request of the officers of my school, I trust that I shall not be considered as disregarding the feelings of delicacy, which should ever distinguish the young. Diffidence, at other times lovely and commendable, becomes a fault when permitted to restrain us from duty.

Had the youthful David been influenced more by diffidence than by a conviction of duty, he would have preferred the bleating of the sheepfold to the shouts of the soldiery, and would have loved the tones of his own harp, more than the herald sounds of the trump of war. Never would he have exposed himself to the censure of his brethren—the eagle eye of Saul—and the giant arm of Goliah. But under a sense of duty, and with an undismayed heart, he pursued that course which in its results, proclaims, even to childhood, that God often chooses things that are weak to abase and subdue the mighty.

As the representative of my school, it is my duty to render you my thanks, and the thanks of these numerous hearts, that you have thus

far laboured for us in love. Through your efforts we have received instruction, the value of which can never be told, and which, we trust, will deepen its impression upon our minds when we shall be separated from your presence, and shall have left the school, to mingle in the scenes and duties of useful life. Long after the lips which so often have instructed us shall be silent, and when your own souls may be enjoying the fruition of heaven, some of these children may, in their turn, be imparting to the young, the instruction now given by you from Sabbath to Sabbath. Thus the seed sowed by you may bring forth "thirty, sixty, and an hundred fold," while your own spirits, resting "from their labours," may be reposing under the brighter banner of eternal love.

The rude storm of winter no more shall assail thee,
Nor sun's burning ray ever smite thee again;
No fear that thy faith, or thy vigour shall fail thee,
Nor ingratitude ruffle thy bosom with pain.
But there, in the light of the throne that's before thee,
When the tribes of the Lord shall convene from afar,
When the righteous shall shine as the sun in his glory,
Each child shall appear as a bright morning star.

In rendering to you our acknowledgments of your services and love, we would accompany them with every persuasion to a "continuance in well doing." "Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath day?" Then are you engaged in a

most lawful pursuit—co-operating in the efforts of the ministry. You are engaged in teaching these children to “remember the Sabbath day—to keep it holy.” Here you give us that inestimable book—the Bible. A book whose every teaching says, “Come ye children, hearken unto me, I will teach you the fear of the Lord.” Here, too, we are instructed in the necessity, nature, and advantages of prayer. Here it is your work to gather these children, and like Eli, inform them that the word of the Lord is still precious, and while the lamp of heavenly light is still glowing upon us, it is your duty to show us that God is calling us, that we may early answer, as did Samuel, “Speak Lord, for thy servant heareth.” Thus, your duty is principally comprised in teaching us to love the Sabbath—the Bible—and Prayer. These are the glories that form that bow of beauty which, like heaven’s arch of loveliness and mercy, thrown across our path, will cheer us with its smile. O! give us these, or you will leave us without the “light of life.” I know, dear teachers, that there is much to dismay the heart that looks only “at the things which are seen.” You must look into the future. You are now nurturing these little sapplings, which, under your care, may “grow upright as the cedar of Lebanon;” and who, in future years, as the great Master-

builder shall be carrying up his temple, shall be taken to give beauty or strength to the building, or be made "pillars in the house of God." The holiest saints, now raised to "sit together in heavenly places," were once children even as we, yea, "children of wrath even as others." Labour, then, in patience—labour in hope—that through your instrumentality God may deliver us "from the power of darkness, and translate us into the kingdom of his dear Son."

The latter day glory will come, and the Sabbath school is one of those institutions which shall usher in a transformed world. Whatever discouragements you may feel, think of the certain part you are bearing, in advancing that day when God shall say to Zion, "ye shall go forth with joy, and be led forth with peace. The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands; instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree. Thy people, also, shall be all righteous, they shall inherit the land forever, the branch of my planting, the work of my hand, that I may be glorified. A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation."

"The glory of the Lord displayed,
Shall all mankind together view,
And what his mouth in truth hath said,
His own almighty hand shall do."

ADDRESS BY A BOY.

Respected Audience—

THE season has returned when we again assemble with you, to participate in the festivities of a Christmas day—a day which excites in us emotions of the greatest happiness, as reminding us of the love of Him, “who, though he was rich, for your sake became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.”

The frequency with which we appear before you, and the great interest you have thus far taken in the welfare of our schools, render it unnecessary for me to enter into any laboured arguments to show the utility of this institution.

Who that is a friend to the Bible can refrain from supporting an institution, whose primary design is to place that best of books into the hands of every child, and to give that instruction which will impress the truths of that Bible upon every heart? Especially in this day, when the enemies of all righteousness with untiring zeal, strive by every means, to beguile us from the simplicity which is in Christ Jesus.

Who, that has any affection for our common

and beloved country, will refuse to support an institution with which is connected so closely, that country's good?

It was the saying of an illustrious statesman, that "intelligence is the life of liberty." Hence to promote the cause of liberty we must promote the cause of intelligence. Let those, then, who mourn over those popular commotions which sometimes agitate our country, do every thing in their power to lengthen the cords, and strengthen the stakes of the Sabbath school, and to bring the children of our land under its influence. Then shall a generation come forth who shall flourish "as the palm-tree, and grow upright as the cedars in Lebanon."

There is in the helplessness and simplicity of youth, that which commends them to the tender consideration even of strangers. How much more so to their friends and relatives! Every friend of the child is urged by the most encouraging considerations, to sustain by prayers, by counsel, and by money, this noble and benevolent cause. The Sabbath school has been instrumental of rearing a wall of virtue around thousands and tens of thousands of children—a wall more solid than adamant, and more beautiful than jasper or gold. The Sabbath school has been the means of bringing many to taste at the feet of Jesus, that happiness which has

consummated in their final rest upon the bosom of God; for as even children are liable to die, the Sabbath school has yielded its tribute to swell the number of those who now have life for ever, in that house "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," where

"The saints in his presence receive
 Their great and eternal reward;
 In Jesus, in heaven they live;
 They reign in the smile of their Lord."

In the vegetable world God has appointed seed time and harvest. That the harvest may be good, the seed time must be improved. It is the same in the moral world. And if in future years we would not gather thorns and thistles from the present generation of children, we must be early in occupying the soil. In the course of a few brief years, dear parents, many of us will be reaching that age in life when we must leave the parental roof, and be, to some extent, precluded from that advice which it is now your privilege to give, and our blessedness to receive. The year is not distant when some of these your sons and daughters will say—

"Mother, I leave thy dwelling,
 Thy counsel and thy care;
 With grief my heart is swelling,
 No more in them to share;
 Nor hear that sweet voice speaking,
 When hours of joy run high,
 Nor meet that mild eye seeking,
 When sorrow's touch comes nigh."

“Father, I leave thy dwelling,
And the sweet house of prayer;
With grief my heart is swelling,
No more to meet thee there.
Thy faith, and fervor, pleading,
In unspent tones of love,
Perchance my soul are leading,
To better hopes above.”

O, then, dear parents, work while it is called day, before the harvest is passed, and the summer is ended.

To you, dear Superintendents and Teachers, let me render the thanks of these hundreds of hearts, for your constant devotedness to our good, and in urging you to future perseverance. I doubt not, these children will unite with me, and *stretch out their hands*, imploring you not to leave us while we say—“*Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.*”

[This last is to be repeated by the children.]





PART II.

ADDRESSES BY GIRLS.

ADDRESS BY A GIRL.

[Many schools, particularly in cities and towns, are accustomed to make provision for children in circumstances of need, furnishing them clothing, without which they would be unable to attend the school. The following address is designed for such, and may, in any of its parts, be adapted to the circumstances of the school.]

Respected Audience—

You will not, I am confident, view with unkindness the appearance of a little girl. Why should not a little girl, for once, break the silence which she loves, when persuaded to do so by the officers of her school?

When our Lord said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," I believe that he intended girls should come as well as boys. The friends of our school act upon this principle, and make us all the subjects of their care, so that in our school there are boys and girls. If it is proper that the boys should be represented before you, surely you will suffer

me to present the claims of the girls, in whose behalf I tender to you all, the thanks of our youthful hearts.

Through your kindness during the past year, we have enjoyed a great deal of happiness. From Sabbath to Sabbath, we have been well instructed in the school, and gathered in the holy temple of our God. Your liberal attention to our mental wants has given us a well furnished library, to which we resort as thirsty pilgrims to a grateful fountain. Mindful as you have ever been, we doubt not, but your liberality will continue to supply us with those excellent volumes which are so amply written for the young.

It is due to your kindness that we should acknowledge that the needy have been clothed, so that many have been enabled to attend who otherwise would be deprived of this inestimable enjoyment. As it would scarcely be proper for one of these children to appear to thank you, and as it is proper that it should be "told for a memorial" of you, I consented to do it for them. Ah! dear friends, if you could see as we do, those little bright eyes, which speak the happiness of so many little cheerful hearts, you would feel, indeed, the blessedness of doing good; and if you could only know, in how great a degree you cause light to arise upon the darkness of many a widow's heart and home, you would

assuredly feel, that “pure religion, and undefiled before God and the Father, is this, to visit the fatherless and widow, in their afflictions, and to keep yourself unspotted from the world.”

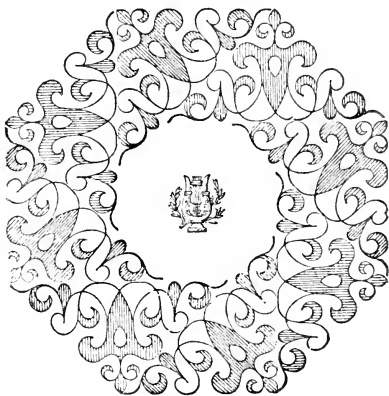
“Thus grief itself has comforts dear,
The sordid never know,
And ecstasy attends the tear,
When kindness bids it flow.”

In the pulpit and elsewhere, we frequently hear the Sabbath school called a nursery. Such it is. Yes, and it is *your* nursery, too. Children! let this congregation see what a garden of blossoms is before them. [*Here let the children all rise up.*] There, dear people, see, this is your nursery! [*Here let the children be seated again.*] In a little time every thrifty plant will be transplanted into different parts of that field which is the world. Yes, from this very nursery may be raised, if not a Wesley,—Clark,—or Summerfield—if not a Susannah Wesley, a Mrs. Rogers, or a Mrs. Fletcher, there will go forth such as shall adorn the religion of the Saviour in the life of the “man of God,” or the woman adorned with godliness and good works. I have said the nursery is yours. Cultivate it for Him who sanctions the sentiment, that

“A flower when offer’d in the bud,
Is no mean sacrifice.”

True, the nursery is the Lord's. But ye are the labourers. Our teachers will *weed* the garden, and sow the good seed. You, dear friends, must water it with prayers—and tears—and smiles. And the Lord, we believe, by giving the increase, will enable you to “reap in joy.”

“The virtuous mind embalm'd in truth,
Shall bloom in everlasting youth,
When time no more endures.”



ADDRESS BY A GIRL.

SUNDAY SCHOOL INSTRUCTION.

Respected Audience—

THINK not that my coming before this assembly is the result of any anxiety of my own. Our teachers have seen proper to exact this service at my youthful hands, and it is only in accordance with their wishes that I come from that retirement, which, even on this occasion, would be preferable to me. In yielding to their wishes I am constrained by considering that as the children most largely share the pleasures of this festival, so they should willingly bear a portion of its responsibilities and labours.

The practical duties and tendencies of the Sabbath school are so hidden from the public view, that it appears appropriate on these anniversary occasions to open our gates, that the public may see the extensive good which this institution is accomplishing.

“The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took, and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened.” The Sunday school is one of the great instrumentali-

ties of diffusing the kingdom of heaven; its work is extensively performed by women, and greatly hidden from the public view. True, the *heaven* works through the *three* measures,—the *family*—the *Church*—and the *world*. In the *family*, the influence of his Sabbath teaching acts upon the child, and binds the young affections to the endearments of the domestic circle; in the *Church*, those scholars often become, in maturer years, stable christians or efficient ministers; while in the *community*, they constitute that portion which forms the bulwark of morality, and promotes the well-being of society. It is, therefore, proper that occasions should present, when the bushel should be removed from the lamp, and when the unobscured splendour of the Sunday school should break upon the public eye,

w “ Full orb’d,
“ In its whole round of rays complete.”

Every dispensation with which Divine goodness has favoured the world, has included children in its merciful provisions. Under the Jewish economy God said to his people, “and these words which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.”

Under the gospel dispensation, children equally share the Divine favour. Even in the wilderness, when Jesus fed the four thousand men, the miracle was seen and shared by women and children. In the temple, children sang his praises, and no doubt children mingled in the multitude that listened to the Saviour's lovely sermon upon the mount.

What though we cannot go with him upon the mountain to take of that bread which was given to the multitude, yet knowing that man cannot live by bread alone, we can ask for that living bread which cometh down from heaven. Although we cannot gather around his feet, and hear his sermon upon the mountain, yet in the blessed gospel we can read the record of those who heard him, and in the Sabbath school we can be instructed in the principles which Christ taught, "when seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain; and when he was set, his disciples came unto him. And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying:

"Blessed are the poor in spirit;"

[Here let all the children respond.]

"For theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Speaker. "Blessed are they that mourn;"

Children. "For they shall be comforted."

Speaker. "Blessed are the meek;"

Children. "For they shall inherit the earth."

Speaker. "Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness ;"

Children. "For they shall be filled."

Speaker. "Blessed are the merciful ;"

Children. "For they shall obtain mercy."

Speaker. "Blessed are the pure in heart ;"

Children. "For they shall see God."

Speaker. "Blessed are the peace-makers ;"

Children. "For they shall be called the children of God."

Speaker. "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake ;"

Children. "For theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Speaker. "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake ;"

Children. "Rejoice, and be exceeding glad ; for great is your reward in heaven ; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you."

Another consideration justifying these public demonstrations, is, that they afford the children an opportunity of evincing to their teachers the high appreciation of their services. Words, it is true, cannot express this regard ; and, knowing that the satisfaction indicated in the countenances of these children, will far better denote the gratitude of their hearts, I shall refrain from

further disturbing the delicacy of those to whose laborious services I refer.

In conclusion let me say that the desire of every teacher is that every child upon the earth, shall enjoy the blessings of this lovely institution, and could Sunday school teachers be heard by the children of the wide earth they would say—

Seek thou to know, and with thy heart to love,
The Lamb that died, his tenderness to prove !
Kind will he speak, as man can never speak,
And urge the young, his lovely ways to seek.
In pure religion there is transport sweet,
Repose from sorrow at the Saviour's feet ;
Religious truth he plants in the young breast,
And dews and smiles the sacred treasure bless.
Through opening years, the ripening fruits increase,
And yield a harvest of perennial peace.
That fruit shall live, where joys shall never die,
A golden harvest in a glorious sky.



ADDRESS BY A GIRL.

SUNDAY SCHOOL INSTRUCTION.

Respected Friends—

THE return of Christmas brings with it a return of gladness; so that, while to some there may appear to be a degree of sameness in these our anniversary exercises, to us they are new, as our little minds expand, more fully to comprehend the goodness of our heavenly Father—the kindness of our earthly parents,—and the value of our Sabbath school.

In attempting to address you, dear parents and friends, I need hardly ask your indulgence, for you must know how difficult it is, for one little tongue to tell as much as fills three hundred little happy hearts. Why only look, here are children who are permitted to say,

How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight."

And some of these children, too, are orphans, without father, or without mother. Like the little girl who used to sing for her father, and

knew not what death was. When he lay cold and dead, she said:

“ Mother, how still my father lies !
I cannot hear his breath ;
I cannot see his smiling eyes,
They tell me this is death.

My little work I thought to bring,
And sat down by his bed,
And pleasantly I tried to sing ;
They hush'd me—he is dead.

They say that he again will rise,
More beautiful than now ;—
That God will bless him in the skies—
O, mother, tell me how !”

Surely it is a delightful work for those teachers to explain to those little ones, and give them that instruction, of which to a great extent they are deprived in the death of a parent.

Nor are orphans alone favored in this institution, for we are all taught the scriptures, “ which are able to make us wise unto salvation.” To give you some little idea, let these children speak for themselves. Children—

What commands to man are given ?
Ten precepts form the law of heaven.

The **FIRST**, dear children, let me hear ?
One only God shall man revere.

The **SECOND**, children, do you know ?
To none but God shall any bow.

The **THIRD**, come children, speak again,
Thou shalt not take his name in vain.

The FOURTH commandment let all say,
Remember ye the Sabbath day.

The FIFTH commandment do you know ?
Honor thy father—mother too.

The SIXTH command is binding still,
And that declares thou shalt not kill.

The SEVENTH, what does it portray ?
That purity should mark our way.

The EIGHTH, I'm sure you all can tell ;
It says to man thou shalt not steal.

The NINTH commandment, let us hear ;
False witness thou shalt never bear.

The TENTH commandment, do you love it ?
We do ; for it forbids to covet.

To you, dear Superintendents and Teachers, I cannot refrain from rendering my expressions of gratitude and encouragement. You are engaged in a work, for the reward of which, you must look on high. We can only thank you. O think, for one moment, should we, through your instrumentality, be brought to know Jesus in the forgiveness of sins, what will be your happiness and rejoicing with us when "together caught up to share the glory of the Lord?" What will be the joy of these children? Should we there be so happy as to meet these our parents—ministers—superintendents and teachers, who have here labored for our good, what shall we say? Children, what shall we do?

[Here wave the hand, by which the children shall all arise and say,]

We will "rise up and call them blessed"



PART III.
DIALOGUES BY BOYS.



DIALOGUE BY BOYS.

RELIGION IMPORTANT TO CHILDREN.

William. Good morning, George; I am pleased to meet you; and if you are not in haste, I have a few questions to ask you.

George. You are not more pleased at our meeting than I am; and any conversation that will be for our improvement, will be a pleasure to me.

William. Tell me, then, candidly, George, do you think there is any use in our attending Sabbath school, every Sabbath?

George. Certainly I do; for the Bible says "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."

William. But are there not many ways in which a child may keep the Sabbath, without attending the school?

George. Perhaps there are; yet no child who can attend, and refuses to do so, will be likely to keep the Sabbath. Have you not

observed that those children who dislike the school, are such as would rather play in the streets or trifle away their time at home? I am aware that such children think they never will be greater sinners; but William, you may depend upon it, that none are so effectually guarded from sin, as those who are trained up "in the way they should go."

William. I do not know, George, but your opinion may be correct, still I must confess that I am sometimes tempted to stay away. Indeed I know some boys, who having lost their fathers, are not watched as carefully as we, and I often wonder they do not avoid attending the school.

Gilbert. [*A half orphan here rises up, saying,*] It is because we have still greater need of the watch care and counsel of the school.

George. As no children are more exposed, so none have more need of protection.

Louisa. [*Another orphan rises up, saying,*] Yes, and to be deprived of the benefit of the Sabbath school, would be to lose a great part of the consolation with which Providence tempers our affliction.

William. Well, George, you will surely allow that there is less necessity for the attendance of children of wealthy parents, as they can attend every day at the best schools.

George. In that I differ from you, greatly.

The blessings of education are so widely diffused throughout our highly favoured country, that almost every child may enjoy them. Even if this were not the case, yet the instruction given in the Sabbath school is essential to salvation. And as it is alike the privilege of the rich and the poor to enjoy that salvation, so it is equally the duty of all to attend the means.

William. Salvation, George! You speak of that as though it was a matter of importance to children. Will it not be time enough for that when we are older?

George. Surely, William, you cannot have forgotten what is so repeatedly urged upon us at school. There it is frequently urged upon us to consider the scripture which says, "Remember now thy Creator, in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say I have no pleasure in them." Consider, too, how often we are told, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me." Our hearts are evil, and we cannot too early seek to have them made pure.

William. But do you think that a child has an evil heart?

George. "How can I doubt it, when God says 'the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth?'"

William. Did you ever read in the Bible of any children who did evil?

George. Yes, of many. You certainly remember the sons of Jacob, and how they hated their brother Joseph—stripped him of his coat of many colours—sold him to be a slave in a land of strangers—and had not Providence defeated their wicked designs, they would have brought their father's "grey hairs down with sorrow to the grave."

William. Yes, I remember them. But I wonder why they should so have hated their brother.

John. [*Rising up and saying very loud,*] May it not have been that Joseph was, as some boys are now-a-days, very proud of his fine coat?

George. That could not have been, as Joseph was a most humble youth. Humility and pride could not exist together.

William. There may have been something to have excited their envy.

Isaac. [*Rising up and saying aloud,*] May it not have been that Jacob thought more of Joseph than his other children? The partiality of parents always makes mischief.

George. But older children should never be envious if those who are of a more tender age, are more tenderly treated.

Mary. [*Rising up, and speaking promptly*

and aloud.] I think there were too many boys in that family. If there had been some sisters among them the boys would have done better.

George. However that might have been, still their conduct shows the great depravity of their hearts; a depravity common to all, both girls and boys, as it is written “they are all gone out of the way; they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one.” You may rely upon it, William, that if we are not actually engaged in well-doing, we shall be more likely to go into the way of evil. Those children who are attentive to the Sabbath school will be profitably employed—faithfully and religiously instructed—and their tender minds, instead of appearing like a garden overspread with weeds, and thorns, and tares, will receive that good seed which shall bring “forth fruit, thirty, sixty, and a hundred fold.”

William. I believe, George, that you are right; although there may appear to be some restraint and confinement in the regular manner in which these Sabbath duties are exacted, the sacrifice will be compensated in a blessed reward. The suggestions I have made, are more the remarks of other children than the convictions of my own mind, and I trust, as the

result of our present conversation, we shall all be more diligent in improving a privilege so great, as that of spending God's holy day in the pleasures and blessings of the Sunday school.



DIALOGUE BY BOYS.

IMPORTANCE OF RELIGIOUSLY INSTRUCTING THE YOUNG.

Robert. THOMAS, I am glad that I have met with you, as I perceive that you still attend the Sabbath school.

Thomas. Yes, Robert, I am still in the school, though to be candid with you my attendance is not a little owing to the persuasion and perseverance of my parents, who look more at my future benefit than at my present inclination. I know many boys who do not attend the school, and are they not doing as well as we are?

Robert. They are not; nor can I see why any child should wish to stay away, when knowledge is of so much advantage, and when at the Sabbath school it is so freely obtained.

Thomas. Why, Robert, there is Charles Careless, who lives in our neighbourhood, who never goes to Sabbath school, and scarcely ever to church. You may see him almost every Sabbath, taking what he calls his recreation. He says his father thinks there is no need of send-

ing a child to Sabbath school. He says it gives them a bias in favour of religion, and in his opinion they ought to be left free from such bias until they are of mature age.

Robert. Ah, Thomas, that is a strange and fatal error! Because God has created us with the power of choice, these parents would leave their children without the light and instruction which are essential to enable us to make a correct choice.

Thomas. Then you really conceive, Robert, that it is proper for parents to place their children where they may receive good and wholesome instruction.

Robert. By all means, Thomas. What would you think of a shepherd, whose care should be specially directed to the protection of the lambs of his flock, who would throw down the fences of his fold, and leave the inexperienced lamb to exercise its own judgment, either to remain within the fold, or to wander off to the path and the den of the wolf? Do you not think that the wolf would try to give a bias to the lamb, Thomas?

Thomas. Yes; for I know it is the practice of all enemies to seek to betray and decoy those whom they would destroy.

Robert. Well, Thomas, ought not those whose duty it is to protect them, to be equally indus-

trious? Is it not the duty of earthly parents to "give good gifts" unto their children? Surely those parents who withhold religious instruction from their children, are giving them "stones for bread," and "scorpions for fish." If God feeds the young ravens, we are of more value than they, and God will feed us. As it is the duty of parents to provide for their own household, our parents should not only labour to give us "the bread that perisheth," but they should place us in such situations as will be most likely to bring us the meat that shall endure unto everlasting life. Even the eagle watcheth over her young, and beareth and feedeth them.

Thomas. But, Robert, may not the instruction of which you speak be obtained without going to Sabbath school? Then, again, there are some, you know, who think we ought not to read the Bible, as it contains so many mysteries which a child cannot understand.

Robert. I know it does, Thomas. But the world itself is full of mysteries. I used, when I was small, to think it strange how people could tell the time of day by a watch—or when the tide was high or low by looking into an almanac; and I never could tell how the man found it out who put it into the almanac. I cannot tell how it is that those flowers which are called four-o'clocks, and morning glories, open and shut as

they do. There are many other things which I do not understand; but this is no reason why I should wish to be smitten with blindness, or to be surrounded with perpetual night, through fear of seeing things which I cannot understand. Besides this, Thomas, there are many things in the Bible which I once could not understand, though I now perceive them plainly. There are many subjects referred to in the Bible which we now know only in part, which hereafter we will know more perfectly.

Isaac. [*Rising up, and speaking aloud.*] Why, little as I am, there are many things in the Bible which I understand, though there are many things in nature which I do not understand.

Thomas. What is there in nature that you do not understand, Isaac?

Isaac. Why, I'll tell you. Now you know that if you cut a water-melon open you will find hundreds of seeds; I never could tell how those seeds get inside.

Thomas. Why, they grow there, Isaac.

Isaac. Yes, yes; I know that, but how do they grow? Then, again, here is this cocoa-nut; it is full of milk. I never could tell how the milk gets there. When the cocoa-nut was small, no bigger than a marble, there was scarcely a drop of milk in it, and now there is nearly a

tea-cup full, though the cocoa-nut has been tight shut ever since.

Thomas. Why, it grows there, Isaac.

Isaac. Well, I suppose it does, but I do not understand it.

Robert. Tell us, Isaac, what is there in the Bible that you know.

Isaac. I know that God says, in the Bible, "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me."

Thomas. Then, Robert, you are of opinion that all people should have the Bible, and especially children.

Robert. Certainly; and I am the more firm in that opinion, as I believe it is the wish of Satan to keep the Bible from us, "lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine" unto us. On the other hand, "it is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour, who will have all men to be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ," that children should be nurtured and admonished by his word. Paul would have Timothy remember, that from a child thou hast "known the holy scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation." The Saviour, who was once a child as we are, grew in knowledge as well as stature, and if like him we would grow in favour with God and

man, we must have our hearts controlled by the word of the Lord, and we may rest assured, the most effectual way of bringing up children to pursue a virtuous course, is to train them up in the way they should go, that when they are old they may not “depart therefrom.” Wisdom’s “ways are pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.” O, Thomas! Let us rather pity than envy those children who are strangers to the Sabbath school, and to the sanctuary of God. To such let every scholar say [*Here let all the children repeat,*] “Come thou and go with us, and we will do thee good.”



DIALOGUE BY BOYS.

THE EXPOSURES AND PROTECTION OF THE YOUNG.

Andrew. RICHARD, I am happy in meeting you this morning; and according to the custom of the season, I wish you a most happy Christmas.

Richard. Andrew, accept my thanks for your good wishes, and permit me in return to express my desire that you may be happy not only upon Christmas day, but throughout “the life that now is, and that which is to come.”

Andrew. The life to come, Richard? That is a subject connected with religion; and do you think that I am old enough to understand much upon that subject?

Richard. Can you doubt it, Andrew? Let me ask you, how old are you?

Andrew. I am seven years old.

Richard. Certainly, then, you are of sufficient age to “remember your Creator.” You know that it is from God you derive all your blessings, and with such knowledge it is your duty to love him.

Andrew. But, Richard, have you any know-

ledge of any who in childhood have been religious?

Richard. Yes, many. Samuel was early called to be a servant of the Lord, and Obadiah "feared the Lord from his youth." And why should not children love and serve their Lord, for he is their Father? And if he required Abraham to offer his children at eight days of age, is he pleased with those who remain so many years without knowing him? He feeds the ravens, and hears the cry of the sparrow, and if children are of more value than many sparrows, then God will hear their cry, and feed them with the bread of eternal life.

Andrew. I suppose, Richard, this is what you learn at Sabbath school?

Richard. It is true, Andrew, I learn it at Sabbath school, but not there alone. Yet it would be strange, Andrew, if we should attend the Sabbath school, and not be instructed in the things which make for our peace.

Andrew. May we not learn as much at home, and by attending church, as by going to Sabbath school?

Richard. To attend the church, is undoubtedly of the first importance, and it was never intended that the Sabbath school should supersede any other method of instruction, or take the place of that mode of worship which is due

to God, and which should be rendered in his holy temple; yet, Andrew, any child fond of the church should be fond of the Sabbath school.

Andrew. But you are aware, Richard, that Sabbath schools have only been in existence a short time, and but few of our parents have ever been scholars in them, and have not they done well enough without such schools?

Richard. That is no argument against the usefulness of Sabbath schools, nor is it any reason why we should not attend them. A Jew might as well have answered our Lord, and his apostles, by saying, we have no need of you as a teacher. Our fathers got along without the religion of the New Testament, and so may we.

[Here let William rise up and say, aloud,]

William. Yes, and a boy might as well say, his grandfather got along well enough without steamboats and railroads, and therefore we had better keep to the old sloops and stages.

Richard. Yes, Andrew, your reasoning would go against all improvements. And you should consider, too, that we have greater need than our parents had when they were children, of every means of instruction to lead us in the way of truth, and to save us from vice.

Andrew. Is that possible, Richard, when there is so much done in behalf of children?

Richard. Certainly, it is possible, Andrew,

if children are not willing to be placed under the influence of those benefits.

Andrew. Do you suppose, Richard, that the times in which we live are more immoral than the times in which our parents were children?

Richard. When I hear our parents and others converse upon this subject, I cannot doubt it, especially with reference to cities, where evil temptations and examples are fearfully and rapidly increasing.

Andrew. What, Richard, do you particularly mean?

Richard. Why, I have been told that some years ago, it was the common custom for aldermen and Sunday officers, to send all boys home whom they found gathering for play about the corners or in the streets. All stores were closed, and the authorities were very rigid; but now, alas! how frequently do we see boys playing marbles, whistling, swearing, and gathering, as if the Lord's day had no sanctity. Stores are open in many parts of the city, liquor and fruit are sold in abundance, and every temptation afforded to ruin the dissipated and corrupt the young.

Andrew. I agree with you, Richard, that the effect of such things must be most destructive. And such profanity! I acknowledge to you, Richard, that when I remember that God

says, "Thou shall not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain," and when I remember he poured out his wrath upon Sodom and Gomorrah, I am astonished at his forbearance, and wonder that he does not come out in judgment against these evil doers.

Richard. It is because he is "slow to anger, and of great kindness," Andrew, that such are not consumed. Rather than visit them in judgment, he visits them in mercy.

"He never takes the harsher way,
When love will do the deed."

Hence it is that the Sabbath school is given to shelter us from this storm of iniquity. So that where "sin hath abounded, grace has much more abounded." But what shall we think of those men who keep open their stores and shops upon the Sabbath day?

Henry. [*Rising up.*] I'll tell you what I think. It is a great pity those men had not gone to Sabbath school when they were children. They would have been taught better.

Richard. And what shall we think of those boys who are seen going in groups on a Sabbath, with their balls and bats, and skates? Neglecting the church and the school, they are left to themselves.

Emma. [*Rising up.*] I think of such, **with**

Solomon, "a child left to himself, bringeth his mother to shame."

Andrew. I think, Richard, you are right, and that it is the duty of children to "fear the Lord, and keep his commandments."

Richard. Yes, Andrew, and think of the Holy child Jesus, for while it is written that as man his whole life was good, and as God, "he did all things well," it is said of the child, yes, Andrew, of the child Jesus, that he "grew in knowledge, and increased in favour with God and man." And look at Washington, the brave, the wise, the virtuous Washington, the father of our country. When only a few years old, he feared his God, and scorned to tell a lie.

Andrew. Think not, Richard, that I expressed myself through any doubts of the excellency of the Sabbath school, for I have often found it good to be there. I am glad that the Sabbath school has so warm a place in your affections. Here is my heart, and here is my hand, my dear young friend, pledged with you in this delightful work; and these children, in love of their God, will unite with me in singing,

[Here let all sing—"O the place!"]

“Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.”

DIALOGUE BY BOYS.

THE RISE AND ADVANTAGES OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Charles. HERE we are again, Henry, in the midst of our Sunday school celebration, and I suppose you are much gratified.

Henry. I am, indeed; and in return say that I trust it is no less pleasing to you.

Charles. Why, yes, it is pleasant; but do you not think that children are too young to have their attention so earnestly directed to the subject of religion?

Henry. By no means, Charles; and when we consider the many exposures of children, we ought to desire that they should have every protection which those who are older can afford them.

Charles. But Sabbath schools, however, have not always been in existence, you are aware.

Henry. True, neither have children always had the same exposures. As infidelity directed its efforts to decoy the young, it was providential that this institution had reared its walls for the defence of youth.

Charles. Where was the first Sabbath school formed?

Henry. In Great Britain—in the city of Gloucester.

Charles. At what time was it commenced?

Henry. In the year 1771, just — years since.

Charles. Who was Mr. Raikes, the celebrated founder?

Henry. Robert Raikes, was a gentleman of Gloucester, and by trade a Printer. He was one morning walking in the outer parts of the city, searching for a suitable person to serve him as a gardener. During this walk his attention was drawn to the great number of little boys, whose offensive conduct and profane language shocked his feelings and excited his commiseration. Upon expressing his surprise to an old lady, in the neighbourhood, she informed him, that much worse conduct was to be seen, and more shocking language to be heard, on almost every Sabbath, when they assembled in great numbers. After much reflection upon the subject, he determined to make an effort for their improvement, and employed four old ladies to teach them at his own expense. So perfectly did the experiment succeed, that under the favour of Providence, in a little time similar schools were extended throughout the kingdom.

Charles. Why is it that they do not pay the teachers now?

Henry. Mr. Wesley was the first to adopt the present and gratuitous plan. He thought it would be a profitable and delightful work in which to engage persons with religious and benevolent feelings. This improvement by Mr. Wesley, has become generally adopted. One of its great advantages is, that it contributes to the piety and usefulness of an army of young professors of christianity, and brings into requisition much of the talent and piety of the church, training up, in more than Spartan vigour, armies for God, that in their turn may be active in seeking the demolition of the kingdom of darkness. I suppose, Charles, you are aware of the commencement of Sabbath schools, in our own country?

Henry. I believe I am. The first Sunday school formed in the United States, was in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

Charles. At what time was it commenced?

Henry. In the year 1807. The next school was opened in the city of New York, in 1814, and about the same time, a school was commenced in Philadelphia, in the Masonic hall in Chesnut street. The first scholar in Philadelphia was an old woman, who desired to learn to read the Bible, though fifty-two years of age.

Charles. And now there are hundreds of thousands of these schools, and millions of children enjoying their benefits. O! it is a pleasing, glorious thought, that our joy to-day, is the joy of millions! While we, and others upon earth, are walking in these lovely paths, who can tell the number of those who are now sharing in heaven, that blessedness to which the Sabbath school can lead as an agency of grace.

Henry. Then you really think, Charles, that children, who are the care of the Sabbath school, should be the care of the Church, as they are the care of the Saviour?

Charles. Certainly I do. Let me ask, who are the subjects of the kingdom of heaven?

[Here let all the school answer, aloud,]

Little children!

Charles. Who are the lambs of that flock he purchased with his own blood, and whom he required his Church to feed?

All. Children!

Charles. Who were those whose praises filled the temple, when the Saviour approved of their hosannahs?

All. Children!

Henry. True it is, Charles, that children are included among his people "and the sheep of his pasture are we;" and it becomes us with

all earnestness to improve an institution affording us such great inducements to “fear God and keep his commandments.”

Charles. In so doing we shall not only denote the truest wisdom, but will evince becoming gratitude to our Great Shepherd, even our Saviour, and shall cherish a grateful appreciation of the beloved memory of the honoured Raikes.

While earth shall love to hold the j
 In memory young and bright ;
 His name, to purest fame a trust,
 Shall give the young delight.
 The name of RAIKES shall ever live,
 While Sunday schools their blessings give.

Like Franklin he high fix'd the eye,
 On scenes before unknown,
 And from the altars of the sky,
 Brought living glory down.
 'Twas his that fire to kindle first,
 'Tis ours to guard the sacred trust.

To distant lands that flame shall burn,
 And break the gloom of error's night,
 Till every land to God shall turn,
 And earth rejoice in Eden's light :
 The Sabbath school her walls shall raise,
 And all her gates be filled with praise.



DIALOGUE BY BOYS.

THE TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

Henry. WHERE now, Charles? Why are you in such haste, that you can scarcely see a young friend?

Charles. I am going to the temperance meeting, Henry. Perhaps you will go with me.

Henry. Not I, indeed. I go to no such places.

Charles. Sorry I am to hear it, Henry. But why is it that you go to no such places?

Henry. Mostly because my father objects. He says they are pushing their temperance proceedings too far.

Charles. Your father object! O! how cautious should fathers be in the advice they give their children. He thinks, too, they are pushing the temperance cause too far. It must be pushed far if it ever reaches the evil it seeks to overthrow. How far that evil has gone! It turns the fruit and grain which God has given for the support of nature, into poison most deadly—it impoverishes families, and pushes

many a wife with her children into want and wretchedness. It perverts society, and pushes justice from her seat. The fires of its wasting have swept over the land, and its wrecks have been scattered on the waves of every sea. Push temperance matters as far as you may, and still beyond, you will find scenes of desolation as fearful as the plains over which have rolled the ponderous wheels of the car of Jugurnot, until the eye dims in the tears that flow in view of the direful vision.

Henry. But what good can children do in such a cause?

Charles. Much every way. They can have their minds instructed in relation to an evil which opens its tempting paths to all. It was in his childhood, that Hannibal, the great Carthaginian soldier, was urged by Hamilcar, his father, to swear "eternal enmity to Rome." If the young can be brought to see the enormities of intemperance, they may be trained up in the hatred of a monster more powerful for evil than were the legions of ancient Rome.

Henry. But is it not better to let the men take hold of the evil?

Charles. There are times, Henry, when the stones may cry out; times, when even a little David may go down to Israel's camp, and meet a giant with stones from a brook of cold water.

St. Paul's nephew sounded the alarm, though a mere lad, by which the jailer was enabled to save the life of the great apostle from the hands of assassins. A little boy carried the loaves and fishes with which the thousands were fed in the wilderness.

Benjamin. [*Rising up, and speaking aloud.*] Yes, and many a boy has been made to carry the bottle for his father; so that boys sometimes have something to do with pushing these matters.

Henry. You certainly do not suppose that I would be seen doing any such act.

Benjamin. By no means, Henry; yet, if you would disdain carrying a bottle, why not unite with us in efforts to stop the traffic. Many a poor boy, Henry, has been compelled to carry the bottle, when he knew that its contents would brutalize his father, and bring upon his mother, sorrow that would finally break her heart.

Ellen. [*Rising up.*] Yes, and little girls have sometimes had to carry the bottle.

Sophia. [*Rising up.*] You would never catch me carrying a bottle.

Henry. How would you prevent it, if your father sent you?

Ellen. Why, I would go and get a pledge, and ask him to sign it.

Henry. But suppose he would not ?

Sophia. Then I would sign it myself, and tell him my pledge would not allow of my carrying the bottle.

Henry. Yes ; yes ; but he might not be willing to allow you to sign the pledge ; and he might compel you to carry the bottle.

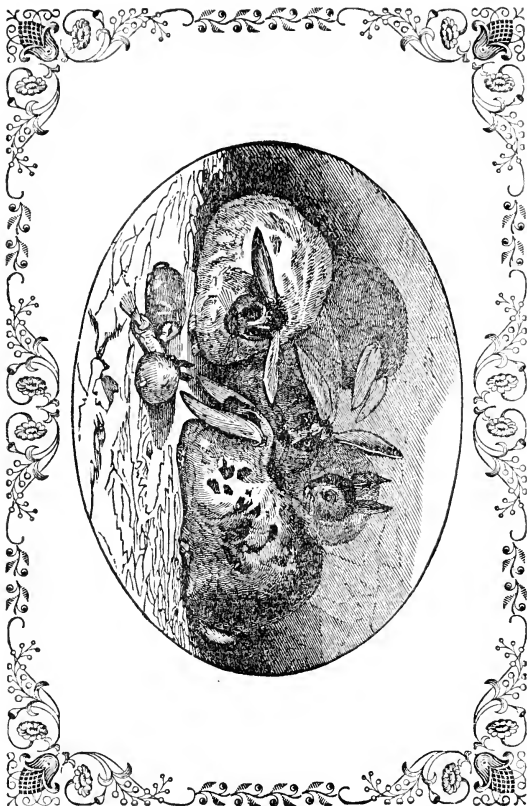
Charles. Then I would tell him he was pushing his opposition too far.

Henry. Come, Charles, I see you are all temperance built here ; so I'll go with you and hear what more can be said.

Charles. Yes, Henry, we are all temperance built, and the noble ship in which we sail, is named "The Total Abstinence," and all these boys and girls are now upon her gallant deck and with all sails set, and our flag at the mast head, they are all ready to sing.

[Here let the children all sing.]





PART IV.
DIALOGUES BY GIRLS.



DIALOGUE BY GIRLS.

EXAMPLES OF PIETY IN YOUTH.

Maria. IN the midst of our pleasures, it is a great part of my happiness, Elizabeth, to meet with one for whom I feel as much affection as I do for you.

Elizabeth. You have but expressed the sentiments of my own heart, Maria. This is indeed a most gratifying break in the sameness of our Sabbath school exercises, and constitutes a delightful season of recreation.

M. I hope, Elizabeth, that while you speak of sameness you do not conceive the Sabbath school deficient of interest.

E. To be candid with you, Maria, I have sometimes thought that there was too much constancy and application in our exercises from Sabbath to Sabbath. Indeed, I am not sure, but children are brought too early to reflect

upon a subject of so much moment as is **that of religion.**

M. In so thinking, Elizabeth, you must certainly be mistaken.

E. Since you suppose so, Maria, can you tell me of any mentioned in the Bible, who were early made the subjects of religious enjoyment?

M. Yes, there are many. Obadiah; young king Josiah; Solomon, and many others.

Isaac. [*Rising up.*] Yes; and there was Samuel; he prayed, and the Lord heard him, when he was as little as I am.

E. O yes, I know; these were boys. Such are always more exposed than girls, and have greater need of the restraints of religion.

M. To what do you refer, Elizabeth?

E. Men are the strength of a nation; and in old times boys were early trained to be soldiers, and to perform many duties which injured their morals and exposed their lives.

M. That is all true, Elizabeth.

E. Yes, and in our own times, it is much the same. They are to make our soldiers, our firemen, our seamen, and our men of business. They ought, I think, to have the guards of religion early thrown between them and their exposures.

M. True, Elizabeth, and how important that we, their sisters, in whose behalf their toils and

perils are the greater, should share in that religion, that our prayers, our precepts, and example, might aid in throwing around our dear, dear brothers, that strong guard of which you speak—the religion of Jesus. Elizabeth, have you a brother?

[*Girls generally.**] I have.

M. You cannot tell how much it is in the power of every sister, especially when the amiable graces of religion sweeten her temper, to throw around her home those charms which add to the endearments of the family circle. Future years may sever their persons, but can never obliterate from a brother's heart, the subduing memory of a sister's love, especially if that love has been mingled with kindlings from a throne of grace. You have read, Elizabeth, the history of the infant Moses?

E. O yes, I have read it often, and with the deepest interest. I cannot tell you how much I have been affected when I have thought of his dear mother, as she placed him in the ark of bulrushes. Oh! how the poor woman must have felt.

M. Yes, Elizabeth, and have you not thought of his sister? *She* stood and watched; and when her little brother was found by the princess, *she*

* Every girl in the school, having a brother, is to repeat **this answer**, all unitedly and distinctly.

ran to procure the nurse. Surely it is an encouraging thought, that in effecting the safety of Moses,—who became a man so good and so great—though his own mother was needed, and a princess employed, yet his sister—watchful, constant, and faithful—his sister was a highly honoured instrument.

E. I was about to remark a while ago, Maria, that the cases you mentioned were those of boys; and I would now ask you if you know of any instances mentioned in the Bible, in which girls have given evidence of early piety?

M. Do you not remember the case of the little Hebrew girl?

[*All the children.*] Second book of Kings, and fifth chapter.

M. When but a child she was made a captive in war. Far from home, her parents, and her temple, she lived a captive. Still she remembered God, and his prophet.

E. She must, I think, have had good parents.

Susan. [*Rising up.*] Yes; and it shows that it is good to train up children in the way they should go.

M. Not only were her parents probably good, but, from her history, we may suppose that there was a compliance on her part with their instructions. How different it would have

been, my dear Elizabeth, had that child been inattentive, under a mistaken sentiment that earlier years might be spent in the neglect of religion.

E. I thank you, Maria, for your kind intimation, and trust I shall profit by it. But you must, nevertheless, admit that at Sabbath school we are taught to esteem, as vain and dangerous, many pleasures for which we have a strong inclination.

M. Inclination is not to be our guide, Elizabeth. There are many amusements in which we would delight to indulge, which are entirely at variance with the sanctions of religion. By their fruits we judge of trees; and in the same manner we may judge of pleasures. The pleasures of sin may often yield a flower of gayety; but that flower may ripen into fruit, staining the purity it touches, and giving bitterness and anguish to the soul that tastes it. Be assured, Elizabeth, that the best guide to the path of the young, through a world in which there is so much to ensnare, is that Bible which will ever be an overshadowing cloud in the day of prosperity, and a pillar of flame in the season of trial. Ever remember, then, my dear Elizabeth, that God has not made us like the little humming-bird, to range in sun-light from flower to flower, and then to shrink away in the coming

of winter. We are formed for eternity. **Let** us then make such improvement of our present hours, as shall yield us fruits of righteousness, when we shall prove the unending realities of that eternity in which we may enjoy the presence and smile of our God.

E. This conversation, my dear Maria, has afforded me much pleasure, and will prompt me with increased delight to attend the school where already my enjoyments have been so many; and may its blessings be diffused until the children of the whole earth shall say to each nation,—“*Thy children shall all be taught by the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children.*”

[This quotation is to be repeated aloud by the whole school.]



DIALOGUE BY GIRLS.

DANCING.

Cornelia. O CATHARINE! Have you heard of the ball that Mrs. Wilson is to give to-morrow night, on the occasion of Sophia's birth-day?

Catharine. I have, Cornelia; and am much surprised that Sophia's mother should have thought of such a foolish amusement.

Cornelia. Foolish, Catharine? How can you call it foolish? I have been persuading mother to let me go, as I am invited. Being refused the permission, I have been quite down-hearted ever since.

Catharine. I am sorry that you should feel any disappointment or sorrow upon that subject. Your mother, I think, has exhibited her good sense and truest affection, in refusing a gratification that might possibly prove a lasting injury.

Cornelia. An injury? How can that be? It is only an innocent amusement.

Catharine. Innocent, Cornelia? I think it is far from being innocent. It is wicked.

Cornelia. How can you say so, Catharine? It is a cheerful and healthful exercise.

Catharine. It may be cheerful, Cornelia; but cheerfulness does not always come from doing right. Gay and thoughtless people are often cheerful, because they break away from those teachings by which our Heavenly Father endeavours to restrain us from the ways of error and danger. In some instances dancing may be healthful; but I have heard and read of so many persons whose health has been injured by it, that I think dancing any thing but proper. I have heard of many who have even died from its injurious effects.

Cornelia. That I should think impossible, Catharine.

Catharine. It is true, Cornelia. Ladies who attend balls, are usually dressed very lightly. The dancing is indulged in until it becomes immoderate. The scene is exciting; and when the ball closes, the ladies return home through a keen midnight air. Under such circumstances, the slightest cold may take a strong grasp upon the system; so that however good the exercise may be, dancing is such a dangerous mode of obtaining it, that it is far better to procure it in some more rational way.

Cornelia. It cannot be so wicked, Catharine, for you know that it is mentioned in the Bible. Solomon says, "there is a time to dance."

Catharine. I know he does; but he does not

speak of it as approving it. When describing the conduct of men, he says, "God made man upright, but man had sought out many inventions." Perhaps, *Cornelia*, one of those inventions is dancing. In making mention of the many uses to which men have appropriated time, Solomon says, "there is a time to dance." He does not say that it is either proper or wise, but simply that men take "a time to dance."

Cornelia. But David approved of it, and danced before the ark, and that too on an occasion entirely religious.

Catharine. Not entirely religious, *Cornelia*, for David, as a king, viewed the bringing up of the ark as an event of a national character, as well as of religious interest. It was no dance, in the common meaning of dancing. They tell me that when people dance they have partners, and David had no partner; his wife was much displeased at his conduct, which she would not have been, had he been accustomed to dance. The truth, I believe, is, that David merely jumped from ecstasy; and it is one of those instances of intense exultation, recorded because of its extraordinary character, and not as prescribing an example to others.

Cornelia. Do you think, then, *Catharine*, that the Scriptures give no sanction to the practice of dancing?

Catharine. They do not sanction it; but I think reprehend it; showing its pernicious effects. This is particularly the case in the cruel murder of John the Baptist. That faithful reprovcr of wrong had rebuked Herod and Herodias, for their sin, so that Herodias desired his death, "and would have killed him." This she was not able to accomplish until an occasion presented in the excitement of the dance. In such an hour, Herod crushed all the good impressions made by the preaching of John, and in that hour of levity and dance John's death was determined. Such was the dreadful fruit of a pleasure the most exciting—a pleasure which infatuates its votaries, and fills the young heart with the most extravagant gayety.

Cornelia. But it is a common amusement among most nations. How can it be that a practice, in itself so evil, can be so commonly encouraged?

Catharine. Those nations which adopt it, do not always engage in it as an amusement. Pagan and savage nations adopt it in the inflictions of their cruelties. Savages have their war-dances; they dance around their captives when they doom them to death by burning; and dance and yell amid the fierceness of thunderstorms. The Romans thought dancing contemptible. Its practice among ancient nations

was attended by such irrational and cruel excitements that no civilized people should desire to imitate them.

Cornelia. You have brought many instances to view, Catharine, and have presented such considerations to my mind, that I no longer am surprised that you think as you do; and I now see that my tender mother has been governed by the kindest feelings toward me, by denying me the privilege of attending a ball.

Catharine. It was, indeed, for your good, Cornelia. We are young and inexperienced, and it is well that we have those to watch over us who are wise to discern the danger to which our young hearts are exposed; and happy are those who, like you, my dear Cornelia, have a mother of sufficient decision to refuse to a child a gratification which, however pleasing to the unreflecting, is looked upon by the good and virtuous as corrupting and pernicious. Let us, in the feebleness of childhood, cleave to the paths of our Saviour, who, as our Shepherd, will screen us from the evils to which our imperfect judgment would expose us. Let us, in love for our Sabbath school, cherish the sacred instructions which we there receive. Thus sharing the Divine protection we may sing,

[Here let all the school sing,]

“Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly ;
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For, oh ! the wolf is nigh !

Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thine arm,
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die,
And each a starry crown receive
And reign above the sky.”



DIALOGUE BY GIRLS.

CHRISTMAS.

[Though adapted particularly to Christmas day, this dialogue may be spoken upon any occasion.]

Susan.

GOOD morning, Jane! pray have you time to stay,

And wish a friend a happy Christmas day?

Jane.

Yes—Susan, yes; and glad I am we meet,
And can each other on a Christmas greet.

Susan.

And I am glad; and should it not offend,
I'll put a question to my youthful friend;
Why do the people call this Christmas day,
And meet at Church, to render praise, and pray?

Jane.

Why, I will tell you; 'twas on Christmas morn,
That man's Redeemer, Christ the Lord, was born;
In Judah's land—in David's city too,
Nearly, I think, two thousand years ago.

Susan.

What glory shone, when he, the Lord, appear'd,
And thrones of earth his power must have fear'd.

How did he come? Did thunder shake the sky?
And did his throne appear to mortal eye?
The Prince of heaven was surely Prince of men,
And mankind trembled when the Lord was seen.

Jane.

No! Susan, no! an humble babe he was;
Humble in birth, as humble on the cross,
Although he came a guilty world to save,—
To bear their sins—to sanctify the grave,—
He came in flesh, to suffer and to die,
And veil'd his glory from the human eye.
Angels, 'tis true, proclaim'd with joy his name,
To do him honour, eastern sages came,
And Shepherds too fell at his feet in prayer,
And Simeon own'd that Israel's hope was there.

Susan.

Yes, I remember. In his word we find,
That Jesus was a little child and kind,
And as in years the lovely Saviour grew,
He grew in knowledge and in favour too.

Jane.

What an example! And what wond'rous love,
To leave the glory of the world above!
To come to man—so full of truth and grace,
And make this earth awhile his dwelling place.
Ofttimes to thirst—to hunger too for bread—
And oft to know not where to lay his head;
The Lord of Life—whom highest angels greet,
And cast their crowns obedient at his feet.

Susan.

Their crowns ! dear Jane, and what's a crown,
pray tell ?

I've heard of crowns since first I learn'd to spell.
I know, of crowns, in many a book I've read,
And, if I'm right, they wear them on the head ;
But tell me whether all who please may wear a
crown,

And if each child might such a treasure own ?

Jane.

The crowns of earth are worn by those alone,
Who have dominion, and possess a throne.
They're made of gold, and gemm'd with jewels
rare,

And all the splendour that a prince can wear.
The Saviour's crown, of pointed thorns was
made,

That pierc'd the temples of his bleeding head.
Fit emblem that, of every earthly crown,
Though by the honour'd and the mighty worn.
All crowns have thorns to pierce the wearer's
brow,

And grief and pain must princes ever know,
But heaven's crowns, are crowns of righteous-
ness,

By saints and angels worn in holiest peace.
Such crowns, dear Susan, you and I may wear,
And yonder kingdom, with the righteous share.

But tell me, Susan, had you now a crown
Of purest gold—and jewel'd—all your own,
What would you do with such a treasure, dear,
Would you delight the glittering thing to wear?

Samuel. [Rising up, and saying aloud,]
What would she do? Why just as I or you.
Had I a crown, I'll tell you what I'd do;
I would not wear it—no, not I indeed,
I'd be asham'd to have it on my head.
I'd sell it—gold and jewels, all I'd sell—
The sum I'd get would suit me just as well,
Then I'd keep Christmas with a host of toys,
And have enough to give to all these boys.

Joseph. [Rising up, and saying aloud,]
Sell it, Samuel! I'd do no such thing,—
I'd put it on my head, and be a king!

Susan.

Had I a crown, dear Jane, did you inquire?
The question fills my bosom with desire!
No crown of gold should my young brow adorn,
I'd think of Him whose crown was made of thorns,
Though king of heaven, to earth, so poor he came,
That earth scarce knew him, or confess'd his
name.

Had I a crown, dear Jane, with joy I'd haste,
To lay that crown with all that I possess'd—
Yes, as the angels, when in heaven they meet,
I'd cast that crown with joy at Jesus' feet!

[Here let all the children unite in singing the following verse. This, to have its effect, must follow up quick, without a moment's pause, the dialogue.]

“All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.”



DIALOGUE BY TWO SMALL BOYS, AND
ONE LARGE GIRL.

THE MOUNTAIN OF PRAYER.

Stephen.

Say, is it not lovely when summer-sun shines,
And the fields are all dress'd in rich green,
To wander away, on some hill to recline,
And gaze on the beautiful scene?

David.

O yes! it is pleasant; I know it is so,
Such scenes I've delighted to share;
But landscapes there are, of a lovelier glow,
Which are seen from the mountain of prayer.

Stephen.

What landscapes are those, and how are they
seen,
Have they fountains, and forests, and flowers?
Have they bowers of beauty, and meadows of
green,
Are those landscapes as lovely as ours?

David.

O yes! 'tis a land where the sun never sets,
Where the hills are ne'er cover'd with snow,

Where the dew-drop ne'er falls like a tear of
regret,

Where blossoms, the tempests ne'er know.

'Tis the land of the blest, where the Lord hath
his throne,

And the souls of the just shall live there,

A land where the good an inheritance own,

And 'tis seen from the mountain of prayer.

Stephen.

Say, who are the people who dwell in that realm,

Where the night ne'er obtrudes on the day,

Where the sky is all bright and the air ever calm,

Do the people aught know of decay?

David.

The infant is there, but with vigour of mind,—

The aged their youth have renew'd,—

Of every age, the redeem'd of mankind—

The wise—and the humble—and good.

The old, infirm, and bending,

No more the staff shall need—

The heart with sorrow rending,

From every care is freed.

No fortune there is wrested;

No health shall ever fade;

No love that fails when tested,

That land shall e'er invade.

There are no graves in heaven—

No mother's broken heart,

To whom a child was given,
 To love awhile, and part.
 But there the child and mother,
 Who parted here in pain,
 Shall meet and love each other,
 When the dead shall live again.

Stephen.

O yes! I know; 'tis this world on high,
 More beautiful far than a sun-set sky;
 And the prayer of pure faith may its glories
 behold,
 Its gardens of beauty—its streamlets of gold.

Let us learn, 'mid a world full of grief as is this,
 To fix our firm trust in the world full of bliss,
 And if, when we die, its lov'd joys we would
 share,
 Let us walk in the way, o'er the mountain of
 Prayer.

But who will come to guide us,
 While our spirits journey there?
 For a wilderness divides us,
 From the holy mount of Prayer.

David.

The God who shields the raven,
 When the storm is raging high;
 Or deigns, so high in heaven,
 To hear the sparrow's cry;

E'en he who guides the sparrow,
 Will teach our steps to tread;
 And though the path be narrow,
 A light divine he'll shed.

[Here let a girl, much larger than the boys, approach toward them, upon the platform, having a Bible in her hand, and repeat,]

Would'st thou walk in the way to which wisdom
 invites,
 And dwell in the land of eternal delights,
 Take the Bible, dear children, betimes let it be,
 Like the star in the east, shedding light over
 thee.

'Twill guide thee where Jesus the Saviour is
 found;

Where the light of His mercy is breaking around,
 Its promise may cheer thee when storms may
 enshroud,

And smile o'er thy path, like the bow on the
 cloud.

'Twill guide like the pillar to Israel that came,
 And hung o'er their path like a glorious flame.

'Twill feed thee with manna that angels shall
 give,

And prove that by bread man alone cannot live.

'Tis a spring in the desert all barren and drear,
 Whose streams flow in fulness the thirsty to cheer,

'Tis the cleft in the rock where the soul dwells
secure,

While God passes by in his glory and power.

'Tis the bush where he dwells, 'mid the undying
flame,

And speaks from its glory, "I AM" is my name.

'Tis a staff to the feeble—a guide to the young,
The bow of the mighty—the shield of the strong.

'Tis the crook of the shepherd, who leadeth on
high,

Beside the still waters—in fields of the sky.

Take the Bible! dear children, your guide let
it be,

In the light of His Spirit, its truth you shall see.

When seeking the life, and the truth, and the
way,

Would'st thou walk in the path shining bright
as mid-day,

In hours of devotion, thy Bible be there,—

The Shekinah of God, in the Mountain of Prayer.



DIALOGUE BY GIRLS.

THE RESURRECTION.

[To be spoken on any occasion.]

Matilda.

'Tis Easter day!—that day which Heaven gave,
When Christ arose in triumph from the grave;
When we who share that Saviour's wondrous
 grace,
Mingle with rapture in this holy place.

Sarah.

But sure Matilda, 'tis a mystery great,
How he could break that firm and mighty gate,
Which long enclosed the many, many dead,
When dire corruption long its terror spread

Matilda.

True, Sarah; but to Heaven lift thine eyes,
Behold the sun, or stars, that 'lume the skies,
And is it not a mystery to thy sight,
How comes that sun to banish gloomy night?

Sarah.

It is indeed! but not by far so deep
As that which bids the dead forsake their sleep,
To think that what in dust should fade and die,
Should rise in beauty, and ascend the sky.

Matilda.

And why to us should that so wondrous seem,
When we conceive the mighty power of Him
By whom 'tis wrought? His power at first,
Gave us our being—framed us from the dust;
From nothing He this mighty structure reared,
And spake His Glory when the world appeared;
If He at first gave form and life to all
Who dwell in Heaven, or on this nether ball,
If to yon stars He gave their glorious flame,
If from His power all nature's beauties came,
Is it so strange when mortal frames decay,
That He whose power, both life and death obey,
Should bid those frames from death again arise
In structure new, and fashioned for the skies.

Sarah.

'Tis true, that He whose fiat nature owns,
Whose throne in Glory is the throne of thrones,
Can bid the dead to life again awake,
And forms of beauty in an instant take;
But still 'tis mystery dread, a deep profound;
A sea of wonder, where all thought is drowned.

Matilda.

A mystery, Sarah! be it so, what then,
Let me intreat you, turn your thoughts again
To nature: here in every thing we view,
From globes of brightness, e'en to drops of dew,
All these are deep beyond thy power to scan,
Or to be fathomed by the wisest man;

Is it not strange that when the summer flowers,
Spread their rich hues through every lovely
 bower,
When green and soft, the varied landscapes
 spread,
And fruit and flowers their ripening fragrance
 shed,
When birds, whose plumes vie with the flowerets
 fair,
Blending their music with the fragrant air,
Now shake the blossom with their velvet wing,
And 'mid unnumbered sweets delighted sing.
Is it not strange that these must all decay—
A summer live, then droop, and pass away—
Winter like death invades the lovely scene,
And binds the beauties with a conqueror's chain.
The flowers must weep—the seared leaf must
 die,
While winds may moan and pensive autumn sigh,
Far, far around the waste of death must spread,
Till drooping beauties feel the mighty tread,
Of him who comes, stern winter, in whose gloom
The summer glories find an icy tomb ;
But short his reign, for in their crumbling dust,
A seed remains that gave them life at first ;
In weakness sown—in power it shall come,
In vileness stricken, but in beauty's form
It shall appear, and though corruption's breath,
Blighted its verdure in the crush of death,

Still shall it rise, in glory new and bright,
When hoary winter vanishes from sight ;
Thus shall the dead arise, tho' long their sleep,
Tho' o'er the valley many long may weep,
Tho' yearning hearts o'er the dread scene may
grieve,
And cry, O heaven ! shall these dry bones live ?
The Spirit's power shall sweep the dreadful
gloom,
The voice of God shall pierce the rending tomb,
And death shall fly—as from the trembling skies,
The Son of God shall bid the dead arise !
May we so live, that when that sacred hour,
Shall take from death his triumph and his power,
We may awake in righteousness and peace,
And join the ransomed whose delights ne'er
cease.





PART V
RECITATIONS BY BOYS.



RECITATION BY A BOY.

A VOICE FROM THE TOWERS OF ZION.

LED by the light which ancient prophets knew,
When Zion's glory broke upon their view,
I venture forth to fix the wondering sight,
On domes and turrets merging from the night,
As when the dawn sheds down her roseate smile,
To call from rest the honest sons of toil.
Far up the hill eternal, glorious Zion stands,
Her light resplendent beaming o'er each land.
To see that glory wise men come from far,
And hail with joy Messiah's promis'd star.
Zion! great city! dwelling place of God,
Within whose courts the dread Shekinah glow'd,
When 'neath the wing of golden cherubim,
Mysterious glory told the abode of Him,

Who dwells on earth the "King of Kings" con-
fest,

Who said of Zion, "This shall be my rest."

Her towers, high rear'd in grandeur toward the
sky,

Have held with rapture my admiring eye.

Mark ye her bulwarks, which unhurt have stood,

Nor felt the ruin of the direst flood,

With thrilling heart her palaces I scan,

The care of angels and the joy of man.

Since Time first breath'd the air of Eden's vale,

And spread his pinion to the infant gale:

Or first the sun rejoic'd his course to run,

And stepp'd in glory from his eastern throne,

Ne'er—ne'er hath stood a city so secure,

Each wall salvation,—every bulwark sure.

Though cities perish in the mighty flame,

Although forgotten e'en their once proud name—

Though Tyre and Sidon in one common wo,

Abas'd with Babylon, no help shall know—

Though Rome's great glory in oblivion sleep,

And cloth'd in ashes mighty Pompeii weep,—

Yet standeth Zion in her pristine joy,

No fire can harm—no earthquake e'er destroy;

E'er shall she stand, as through all time she

stood,

A crown of glory in the hand of God.

Her light, her laws, shall every nation bless,

And earth shall gladden in the reign of peace.

Europea's altars show a brighter flame,
And guild her honours to the lofty name.
For forms and rites the Spirit's power is giv'n,
And superstition flies the light of heaven.

Where Asia's tribes in deepest darkness dwell,
With scarce one voice the Saviour's love to tell—
Where funeral flames on scenes of terror break,
And mercy shudders at the widow's shriek,—
A wide Golgotha o'er a nation spreads,
Nor human eye can scan the many dead;
Here—here, at length the steps of him are seen,
Who flies the herald of salvation's plan.

Lo! China yields! Unfolds her hoary gates,
And seeks instruction at Messiah's feet.
Haste! Christians, help, for Asia's "light is
come,"
A light to gladden every Hindoo home;
Press we the prayer—our hearts and hands unite,
Till Asia rises in our Prince's light.

Though clouds awhile surround the promise-star,
Which spreads a smile on Afric's coast afar,
Yet still we trust those clouds shall pass away,
And Afric triumph in a happier day.
Sink not our hearts—behold our altars there,
The Ethiop blending in the white man's prayer,
The graves of martyrs seal Liberia's soil,
"Nor yield *we* Afric though a thousand fall."

See where the Indian from the distant lake,
Whose whoop could once a nation's fears awake,
Now comes to seek him in the house of prayer,
And tell of tribes who worship Jesus, there.
Nor from the distant north alone they come,
But from the tribes who in the "far-west" roam;
From Rocky Mountains to Pacific's shores,
Where not one tribe the Son of God adores:—
Behold they come!—The Flat-Head herald-few,
To know of God—the Bible—Jesus too.
The early fruits of fullest harvest they,
Of fields that glisten in the opening day.
The fields are great—the labourers still are few;
Ask God, O Christian, what he'd have thee do!
From Oregon they seek our very door,
Seek—ask—yea, knock;—the tribes our help
implore.

Shut ye your hearts? O Christians, tell me, tell,
How in that heart the love of God can dwell!
If we love not our brother, whom we see,
Vain, vain the love, O Lord, we name to thee.
Wake then, O Zion! for the harvest's great;
Crowd with your gifts our every altar-gate;—
"Lord of the harvest," hear thy people pray:
O send forth labourers in this glorious day.
We'll pray—we'll *act*—to this our vows be given,
Till earth rejoices in the song of heaven.

RECITATION BY A BOY.

NEW-YEAR.

ANOTHER New-Year's day has come,
Reminding us of those now fled,
And I would fain survey the tomb,
In holding converse with the dead.

The dead—the righteous dead, 'tis mine,
To urge the living ne'er forget,
Whose names embalm'd in memory's shrine,
Live with their glorious doings yet.

No distant land shall hold my eye,
To bid my thoughts in rapture wake,
My country to my heart is nigh,
On her I see a glory break.

The breeze that fans the forest pine,
Takes up the hamlet-worship song;
The Indian feels the joy divine,
And mingles in our Zion's throng.

The village bell—the city spire,
Denote the altars God has rear'd,
Where glow ten thousand holy fires,
And millions own that God is fear'd.

Long live the memory of those men,
Who rear'd the gospel banner here,
Whose toils of love were not in vain,
Whose fruits of love this day appear.

While o'er Pacific rolls a wave,
Or Ceylon feels a Saviour's grace,
His name shall live whose only grave
Is in the ocean's funeral place.

The holy COKE, who sought our land,
And preach'd the gospel's tidings here,
One of the pure and generous band,
His name to Zion ever dear.

And ASBURY, we all confess,
Among that band of burning lights;
Ages to come thy name shall bless,
And hold thee e'er in memory bright



RECITATION BY A BOY.

WELCOME TO CHRISTMAS.

A YOUTHFUL band ! with joy-inspiring cheer,
We hail the day which saw the Lord appear.
We lift our praise to Him who reigns above,
Who through each year protects us with His love.
These youthful hearts their grateful tribute
bring,

To hail the Saviour — heaven's eternal King.

'Tis His pure love that prompts the joyful strain,
The lovely anthem sounding wide his name ;
Here in His worship blend our hearts in peace,
In hope of heaven when this life shall cease ;
Then hail the day that saw his star arise,
When angel-music chanted from the skies.

The wise men saw that star illumine the east,
When holy rapture moved their grateful breasts ;
The shepherds sought him ere the light of morn,
And Bethlehem sung, Behold a Saviour's born !
Let children hail the day that gave him birth,
Till He is prais'd by all the songs of earth.

RECITATION BY A BOY.

THE CENTENARY OF METHODISM.

FAREWELL age of glory ! Though passing away,
Where ages are lost in eternity's day,
We cannot behold thee recede from our sight,
Till we own thou hast crown'd us with mercy
and light.

Thy doings shall live when thy years are no
more,

And ages to come shall thy glory adore.

PHILANTHROPY blends in our anthems to thee,
And PATRIOTS own 'twas thy spirit to free.

O'er fields of fell darkness thy light broke in
peace,

And millions rejoic'd in thy years of release.

Thy blessings shall live in the mem'ry of earth,
And ages acknowledge thy mercy and worth.

Remember'd and honour'd their names shall
remain,

Whose lives were devoted in blessings to man ;

While LUTHER and CALVIN admir'd shall be,

Who taught haughty prelates that conscience
was free ;

While WICKLIFFE, and CRANMER, and ROGERS
the pure,
Who found 'mid the fire, their faith could endure:
While the righteous shall live in earth's memory
young,
One name to the annals of time shall belong:
While the praise of the worthy each name shall
receive,
The name of our WESLEY through ages shall
live.



RECITATION BY A BOY.

GOD PRAISED BY HIS WORKS.

CREATION'S wonders wide proclaim,
Thy glorious power, Lord,
And we, though young, would lisp thy name,
Encouraged by thy word.

The golden orb that lights the day,
Thy loftier glory shows,
And stars may yield an humble ray
To speak thy glory too.

Thus, while the aged own thy love,
And pay their vows to thee,
We children feel our bosoms move,
To praise thy mercy free.

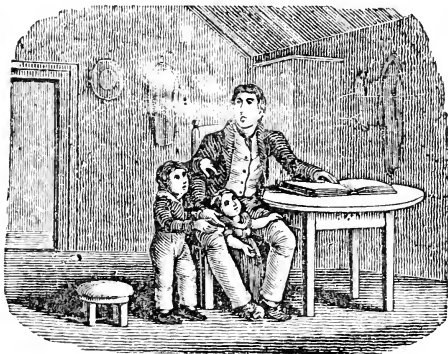
'Twas mercy reign'd when God appear'd,
Veil'd in our nature's form ;
'Twas mercy smil'd on children dear,
And led them to thine arms.

And sure thy mercy form'd the school,
Where we thy Sabbaths spend,
Where thou dost smile—where thou dost rule,
The child's unchanging friend.

Thy mercy taught *those* hearts to pray,
And guide our youthful minds,
Where we may learn thy pleasant ways,
And wisdom's treasures find.

O may thy mercy ever bless
Our parents—teachers—friends—
The Sabbath ever yield them rest,
And peace their days attend.

May they with us, when life shall close,
Tell thy great mercy given ;
When in the grave our forms repose,
O may we meet in heaven !



MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF REV. MELVILLE B. COX, MIS-
SIONARY TO LIBERIA.

[Whose words, in view of the probability of his dying in Africa,
were, "Let thousands fall before Africa be given up."]

[To be spoken by a Boy.]

O WEEP, Salem weep! o'er the darkness en-
shrouding,

The land where thy herald so lately displayed
The pennant of peace, while the tribes gladly
crowding,

Beheld the bright day-star that dawn'd on
their shade.

Weep, Salem weep! while the ocean-wave
heaving,

Comes freighted with moaning from Africa's
shore,

The parents and children their hamlets are
leaving,

To weep that the white man who lov'd them's
no more.

From the home of his youth,—from the land of
his love,

To the place of the stranger he fearlessly sped,
By the pure love of heaven his bosom was moved,
And his mission bore life to the dark and the
dead.

Thou land long in sorrow, to thee he convey'd
The pledge of the PIOUS, the LEARNED and
FREE ;

On thine altars the word of our promise is laid,
And his LIFE was the seal of our cov'nant
with thee.

His voice in thy temple, LIBERIA, was heard,
When his heart burn'd to publish the year of
release,

To gather the tribes round the cross of his Lord,
And bid them rejoice in the tidings of peace.

Where the palm-leaf is fann'd by the wind's
passing breath,
Where the stream gently washes its gold-
cover'd bed,

He wept o'er the Negro, most injur'd of earth,
And heaven hath number'd the tears that
he shed.

He comes not to us with the faith-stirring story,
Nor tells of thy white fields for harvest pre-
pared,

But dropping the mantle he rises to glory,
To tell of thy groanings, where groanings are
heard.

Though his frame is far hence, 'yond the dark
rolling wave,
Where the tread of the white man but seldom
shall come ;
Yet oft shall her children encompass his grave,
And Africa dwell on his memory long.

We will weep—we will weep—for we know that
he lov'd,
“All nations, and kindred, and people” were
dear ;
And oft when compassion his bosom has moved,
His cheek was impearl'd with humanity's tear.

We will weep—we will weep—tho' we know that
his spirit,
Hath enter'd that world where the martyrs
have gone,
To share in the glory which martyrs inherit,
Where, honour'd of Jesus, they dwell near his
throne.

FAREWELL TO THE MISSIONARIES.

BY A BOY.

Go ! heralds of Jesus ! we bid thee farewell !

No longer from Afric would hold thee away ;
Her hands are extended—in tears she would tell
Her hope in thy coming—her sorrow to stay.

Go ! heralds of Jesus ! whom still we would love,
Go ! go ! to the people in darkness who sit,
Our kindness a savour of mourning would prove,
To hold thee from Afric, or part with regret.

Go ! heralds of Jesus ! with light from the Lord,
To shine on the regions of sorrow and death,
God guide thee—and speed thee—when bearing
his word,
And gild with his glory the length of thy path.

Go ! heralds of Jesus ! Farewell we must say,
Our prayers we here pledge to the land of thy
heart,
We'll meet when thy crown shall be bright in
that day,
When the friends of the Saviour meet never to
part.

RECITATION BY A BOY.

TRIUMPH OF TEMPERANCE.

EXULT with joy, O earth!
For God hath heard thy cry;
A glorious day hath birth,
Its star is on the sky:
Though long thy night, and deep its gloom,
Arise—arise—thy light has come!

Amid the storm of wrath,
When ruin's deluge reign'd,
He saw the direful death,
And bade the ruin end;
Deliverance came—the ark was rear'd,
And o'er the flood the bow appear'd.

What though that foe is strong?
E'en "LEGION" his dread name?
Though of the wrathful throng,
His is the loftiest fame?
Thy help descends from yonder throne,
And victory is the Lord's alone!

'Twas God who saw thy fears,
Who heard thy thousands sigh—
When thou, abas'd in tears,
Scarce hop'd that help was nigh,
He dash'd the cup that hell had given,
And show'd the crystal fount of heaven

Thine, Lord! is all the power,
Far may thy conquests spread,
The demon reign no more,
When thou shalt bruise his head;
The world renew'd to thee shall come,
And all rejoice in Eden's bloom.



RECITATION BY A GIRL.

CONTEMPLATION ON THE WORKS OF GOD.

I LOVE the morn's first light to view,
 When evening shades are driven ;
I love the glistening drops of dew,
 They seem the tears of heaven ;
That morning tells a brighter day,
 Shall soon be brought to light,
When tears shall all be wiped away,
 By Him who rules aright.

I love to view yon flaming sun,
 The night and clouds drive far,
Rejoicing in his course to run,
 “ The bright and morning star ; ”
He shows the way of Him who rules,
 Though oft in clouds enthron'd,
Where righteousness and judgment dwell,
 And God is fully known.

I love, amid the calm of night,
 T' admire yon arch of blue ;
In the expanse that bounds the sight,
 The starry-vale to view,
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They show that on the deeper gloom,
Where death his curtain spreads,
A starry light breaks on the tomb,
To watch the sleeping dead,

What gives the stars that tranquil light,
In which they love to glow ?

The sun himself hath sunk in night,
That radiant host to show.

Thus sunk the Sun of righteousness,
That man might be forgiven,

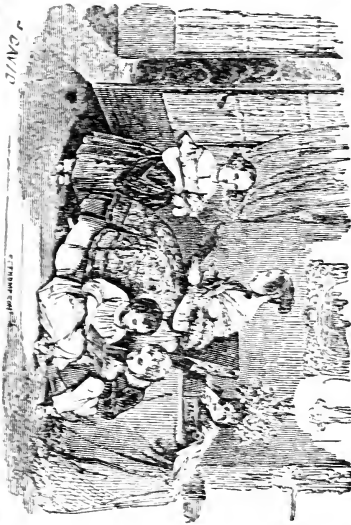
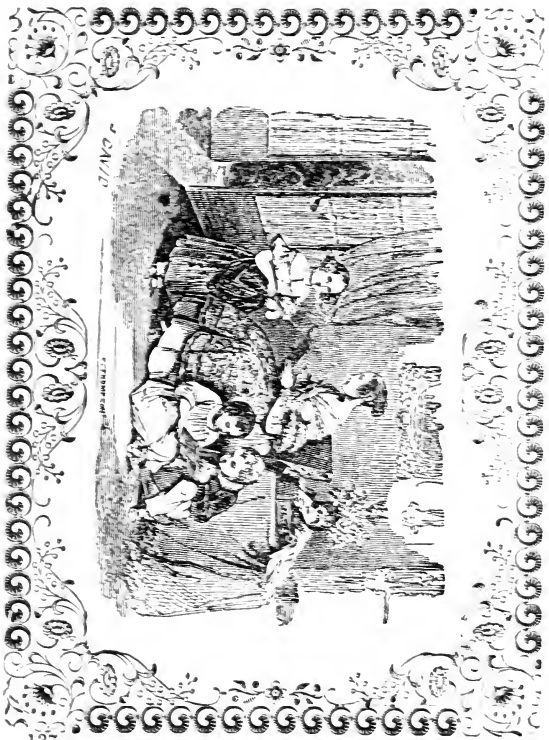
He 'lumes, while saints have spread his grace,
The hemisphere of heaven.

Thy word—thy Spirit—and thy works,
Thine attributes declare ;

And while thy hand all nature marks,
May I thy image bear.

Then when these things shall be dissolv'd,—
The world have passed away,—

When sun and stars no more revolve—
Thy glory be my day !



J. CAVIÉ

W. H. BARNES & CO.

PART VI.

RECITATIONS BY SMALL BOYS.



RECITATION BY A SMALL BOY.

HOPE OF HEAVEN.

GOD'S works proclaim His power and love,
Through *earth*, and *sea*, and *sky*,
He rules in angel-hosts above,
Yet hears the raven's cry.

Around us all his *arms are spread*,
'Tis through his grace we live ;
O may He here his Spirit shed,
To all his blessings give.

While many here his grace have tried,
I too would lisp his name,
Would point to Jesus crucified,
And say, "Behold the Lamb."

Then when our earthly days are o'er,
And Sabbath schools shall end,
May we before *yon throne* adore,
The child's eternal friend.

O may I meet my *parents* there,
And my dear *teachers* too,
With all who love the place of prayer,
And—children—all of *you*.



RECITATION BY A VERY SMALL BOY.

THE GREAT ORATOR.

ALTHOUGH I'm not so big nor old,
As many boys I see,
Yet it will take a boy who's bold,
To speak a piece, like me.

I'll make my bow, and wave my hand,
And then begin my speech ;
But you must watch to understand,
Be still—or I can't preach !

The ocean in its grandeur flows—
The trees are great and tall—
The mighty earth is round, you know,
Just like my little ball.

The stars shine out, when clouds allow -
The horses love to run—
And now I'll make my little bow,
And say my speech is done !

RECITATION BY A VERY SMALL BOY.

LITTLE SAMUEL.

O WHAT a good and lovely boy,
Was little Samuel, true ;
And great was Hannah's holy joy,
Her lovely son to view.

Through day and night his mind's first care,
Was fix'd upon the Lord,
And oft he went in faith and prayer,
To hear his Maker's word.

In the lone hour of silent night,
When sleep to others came,
No darkness could his heart affright,
His shield, Jehovah's name.

And when he heard his Maker's call,
His heart was not afraid :
He 'rose and went to Eli's hall,
To tell what he had heard.

O may each little boy now here,
Be like young Samuel, mild ;
And early taught his Maker's fear,
Each be a prayerful child.

RECITATION BY A VERY SMALL BOY.

THE LITTLE TRAVELIER.

O HOW I love to ride, in a rail-road car,
With horses or with steam I go, and never mind
how far.

I love to see the long—long road, while far
ahead I look,

And often turn around, to see the geese upon
the brook ;

While all along the lovely fields, the pretty
sheep are seen,

Some sporting by their mother's side, some rest-
ing on the green.

I love to see the little squirrel, that hops upon
the tree,

And listen to the little bird, that sweetly sings
for me ;

I love to see the steamboat go, while on the
shore I stand,

Nor ever fear that I will fall, while father holds
my hand.

I love to see the cloud of smoke, that rises to
the sky,

And listen to the water-wheels, while 'round and
'round they fly ;

I love, when I am through my walk, and I have
 had my tea,
To say my little evening prayer, when bowed
 upon my knee:
And then I go to bed to rest, beneath my
 Saviour's care,
For when I sleep or when I wake, I know that
 God is near.





PART VII.

RECITATIONS BY SMALL GIRLS.



RECITATION BY A GIRL.

THE BIBLE.

THE Bible ! Blest book, to my heart ever dear,
Thou shield of the spirit, when sorrow is near ;
Though the pleasures may fade which from earth
we receive,

The joys of thy giving, forever shall live.

The heart of sweet childhood, thy pleasures may
prove,

Like flowers of beauty in gardens of love ;
But earth's brightest flowers must all meet decay,
While religion shall bloom in eternity's day.

The steps of young childhood may bound o'er
the earth,

But those steps ever tend to the valley of death ;
When led by thy light o'er that valley we see,
The land from all sorrow and sin ever free.

Be thou, precious Bible! the guide of our youth,
A shield of pure virtue—a helmet of truth;
O guide us, as Israel, to Canaan's abode,
A pillar of glory—the symbol of God.



RECITATION BY A GIRL.

THE BLIND GIRL.

DARK clouds were spreading o'er the sky,
And cold the wind did blow,
A little girl came treading by,
And felt her way so slow.

I saw that she was wholly blind,
So wild her eye-balls glare,
And then she tried the door to find,
While I was standing there.

Her little cheeks were bright and red,
Her auburn curls were fair,
A little hood was o'er her head,
But Oh! her feet were bare.

“Give me a cent,” she said so mild,
“To buy my mother bread;”
Said I, “where is your father, child?”
She sighed, “my father's dead.”

“My mother, she is sick and poor,
Two days we've had no food:
We've never ask'd for help before,
For mother's health was good.”

Oh! how I pitied that poor child,
So poor, and without sight;
Her eye-balls roll'd so very wild,
And all her life a night.

I gave her all my little store
Of pennies, though but three,
And told her I would give her more,
Whene'er she came to me.

“Poor little girl!” said I to her,
“What sorrow you must know:
You never saw a flower fair,
Nor view'd a sun-set glow.”

“Oh! no!” she said, with gentle sigh,
“These joys I never knew;
But in the world that's o'er the sky,
I'll see as well as you.”

I thought how thankful should we be,
To whom the Lord gives sight;
Our friends and parents we can see,
And all the day is light.

RECITATION BY A SMALL GIRL.

THE LAMBS OF JESUS.

'TIS Christmas day—a lovely day,
When little hearts like mine,
Would haste where Christians love to pray,
And in their worship join.

I'm little—and I'm very young,
But yet I know the Lord,
Will hear a little infant's song,
'Tis promis'd in his word.

The Lord is prais'd by yonder sun,
Who spreads his glory far ;
And so he's prais'd by every one
Of yon bright little stars.

I know from desk and altar too,
And by yon choir he's prais'd,
But me he'll hear as well as you,
Though feeble are my lays.

One Christmas morning, well you know,
Long—long before 'twas day,
When shepherds watch'd through cold and snow,
To keep the welves away.

Their sheep were many, yet I'm sure,
Their lambs were many too,
And children need a shepherd more
Than those who 're strong like you.

Then come and view our Sunday school,
Where dwell his lambs in peace ;
And there He says, in gentle smiles,
“ Of such my kingdom is.”



RECITATION BY A SMALL GIRL.

WHEN Jesus was a little child,
Not near so big as we,
The priest was glad, and calmly smil'd,
The harmless one to see.

And when a little larger grown,
He lov'd the place of prayer ;
And Mary cften took her son,
To praise and worship there.

Yea, when he grew to be a man,
And sat perhaps like *you*,*
The little children eager ran,
For they his mercy knew.

He bless'd them all, and kindly said,
O suffer them to come,
And on his bosom gently laid
The feeble and the young.

And well I know, that Jesus still,
Delights the young to bless,
When they with praise his temple fill,
And here implore his grace.

* Pointing to the minister.

RECITATION BY A SMALL GIRL.

FLOWERS—EMBLEMATIC OF CHILDHOOD.

O! HOW like a garden of beautiful flowers,
 This throng of sweet children so fair,
And the church seems to me like a beautiful
 bower,
All fragrant with singing and prayer.

One glows like the *dahlia*—*some* blush like the
 rose,
 Some fair as the *lily* so pure,
And *all* seem to smile as unconscious of wo,
As if destin'd for e'er to endure.

Kind eyes now *surround* us, and beam with
 delight,
And friendship that e'er would defend,
Should danger e'er come, a lov'd flower to blight,
Or the cold or the tempest descend.

But O! how delightful *those bowers on high*,
 Where the storm never ventures to come;
No flower in heaven shall wither or die,
For ever and ever they bloom.

RECITATION BY A SMALL GIRL.

THE DEAD BIRD.

[To be spoken with a dead bird in her hand.]

My dear little bird, with its golden wing,
That fluttered and chirped when I wished it to
sing,

I've spread on its cage the new grass and the
flower,

As it warbled so glad in its bright little bower.

My dear little bird—from the window it hung,
And its song on the breeze of the morning it
flung,

How gladly it perched when my hand would
caress,

And it seemed in my smile to be perfectly blest

My dear little bird—no more wilt thou sing,
Nor flutter around, with thy once merry wing,
Thou art dead—little bird—and all hushed is
thy voice,

No more in thy music my heart shall rejoice.

My dear little bird—how the pleasures of earth,
Like thee have their ending, almost in their
 birth,
Like the song of the bird, like its wing bright
 and gay,
A moment they cheer us, then hasten away



RECITATION BY A LITTLE GIRL.

THE BUTTERFLY.

[To be spoken with a bouquet in the hand, with a butterfly upon it.]

I LOVE, when the trees are all cover'd with green,
And the flowers of Summer are there,
To run through the fields where the butterfly's
seen,

And chase it 'mong blossoms so fair.

When I've caught it, I love on its beauties to
gaze,

And wonder what made it so fine,

Its wings soft as velvet all bordered with lace,
While its head like a diadem shines.

Who made it? 'Twas God, the Creator of all,
Whose throne is so high in the sky;

And when in the tempest all wet it may fall,
God sees e'en the poor butterfly.

I'll chase it—I'll catch it—and gently I'll hold,
In the garden so lovely and gay,
And I'll place it again on the bright marigold,
And watch till it flies far away.

Go—butterfly, go—I am little, like you ;
In my hands I'd not have thee to die ;
I'll chase thee again through the flowers and
 dew,
But I won't hurt the dear butterfly.



RECITATION BY A VERY SMALL GIRL.

THE PET RABBIT.

[To be spoken with a little toy rabbit in the hand.]

HUSH! hush! little children, I've something to
say,
Now, don't make a noise, or you'll fright me
away;
I've a dear little rabbit, who, could it but see,
Would run from your presence so skittish and
free.

I pet it—I nurse it—it's pretty and white,
It lies by my side through the dark, lonely night;
It keeps by my chair through the whole of the
day,
I suppose, if alive, it would oft run away.

There's beauty in all things, little and fair:
A dew-drop—a rose-bud—a bird in the air;
A pet lamb—a *rabbit*, so gentle and mild,
And the bright little *eyes*, of a dear little child.

RECITATION BY A VERY SMALL GIRL.

WHAT I LOVE.

PRAY, won't you hear what I've to say,
Although I'm very young?
Now *boys* be silent, right away,
And *girls*, each hold your tongue.

I'll tell you what I love to see,
Although I am so small,
I love a puss that's kind to me,
And love a pretty doll.

I love to see *young children* fair,
Who never speak unkind,
Who always for each other care,
And who their parents mind.

I love a *Sabbath Infant school*,
Where happy children meet,
Where every hymn of love is full,
And nothing gives regret

I love to see a pretty yard,
All full of lovely flowers,
I love to see a little bird,
That sings as sweet as ours.

I love our country's flag so bright,
High waving in the air,
I love its stripes of red and white,
And every star that's there.







PART VIII
BIBLE CLASS LESSONS.

BIBLE CLASS LESSON.

[The class to consist of ten.]

JOSEPH REVEALING HIMSELF TO HIS BRETHERN.
—Gen. 45.

Textual Questions.

VERSE 1. What could not Joseph do?

What did he cry?

To whom did he make himself known?

2. What did he do?

Who heard him?

3. What did he say?

Did they answer him?

Why not?

4. What did he then say?

What did he say when they came near?

[Let each child here repeat a verse until the 13th verse is repeated.]

14. What did he do to Benjamin?

What did Benjamin do to him?

15. What did he do to the rest of his brethren?

What occurred after this?

16. What effect had this matter when heard in Pharaoh's house?

17. What direction did Pharaoh give to Joseph?

[Let each succeeding child repeat a verse until the 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th are repeated.]

21. What did Joseph give his brethren?

22. What did he give to Benjamin?

24. What advice did he give to them upon their departure?

26. What did they say when they reached their father?

What effect had this intelligence upon Jacob?

27. What served to convince him?

28. What did he say?

Intellectual Questions.

VERSE 1. *Question.* In the tenderness exhibited by Joseph in weeping, was there any evidence of weakness?

Answer. There was not. Although it is a duty to bear with fortitude whatever afflictions may befall us, yet the circumstances were calculated

deeply to affect him. In the entire of his history, Joseph exhibits great firmness; yet it is not wonderful that as a son and brother his feelings upon this occasion were intensely excited.

Q. What was there to excite this tenderness?

A. The anguish of his brethren, whose injuries to himself he was now about to forgive, and the hope of seeing his aged father again, excited almost overwhelming emotions.

Q. Do you see any particular wisdom in the mode by which Joseph addressed his brethren?

A. The whole manner was most touching, and well calculated to bring them into that tender state of feeling which he desired. First declaring himself as their brother Joseph, then asking "doth my father yet live?" and following up the inquiry by saying, "I am Joseph, your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt."

Q. In saying, "so now it was not you that sent me hither, but God," does Joseph mean to exonerate them from guilt?

A. By no means. He only means that he forgave them, inasmuch as God had overruled their purposes. His spirit was similar to that afterward evinced by David, who, lamenting the death of Saul and Jonathan, says, "Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives." Saul's history shows that he was not

pleasant in many things, but David, in moments of forgiveness, overlooked the many wrongs he had suffered.

Q. What great lesson are we thus taught?

A. That "charity covers a multitude of sins," and that kindness is the best way of heaping coals of fire upon the head of an enemy.

Q. What would you infer from the effect which these things had upon Pharaoh and his house?

A. That they entertained for the virtues of Joseph the highest respect.

Q. What did Joseph mean by saying, "see that ye fall not out by the way?"

A. Probably it was to caution them against getting into any dispute respecting their individual measure of guilt in their ill-treatment of him, or in the manner in which the matter of their guilt should be revealed to their father.

Q. In what respect could such caution be necessary?

A. As yet Jacob had no intimation that Joseph was living. They were fully aware of the humiliation which awaited them, when their aged father should be made acquainted with their cruelty. In discussing the mode of disclosure, there was great danger of their seeking to criminate each other.

Q. What instruction does this afford?

A. That there is no hour in which brethren should cease to watch against discord.

Q. Upon what point, in the history of Joseph, did they fix, in disclosing his position to their father?

A. That he was "governor over all the land of Egypt."

Q. Was this announcement of his elevation made to excite the pride of his father?

A. It was not. It was made to encourage him to go into a land where his posterity might be prosperous, seeing that his son had attained to such distinction.

Q. Was the unbelief with which Jacob received their statement at first unaccountable?

A. I should suppose not. The evidence upon which he had believed Joseph to have been slain was so strong, that it was not remarkable that he should doubt their present statement.

Q. What was his expression when he saw the wagons and believed?

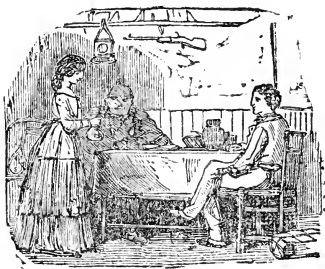
A. "Joseph my son is yet alive: I will go and see him before I die."

Q. Of whom are we reminded when we reflect upon Joseph's forgiveness of his brethren?

A. We are reminded of our blessed Saviour, who was sold by his brethren for thirty pieces of silver; and who, upon the cross, said, "Father forgive them, they know not what they do."

Q. What does this estimable conduct of Joseph teach us?

A. That under all the injuries we may suffer, we should be most anxious to bring those to repentance who have injured us, and be ever ready to extend to them the forgiveness we trust to obtain from God on our own behalf



BIBLE CLASS LESSON.

[For twelve—six boys and six girls.]

THE PRESERVATION OF MOSES.—Exodus ii. 1-10.

Textual Questions.

VERSE 1. Of what house were the parents of Moses ?

2. How long did his mother hide him ?

3. When she found she could no longer hide him, what did she do with him ?

Of what was the ark made ?

How was it prepared ?

Where did she place the ark ?

4. Who remained to watch him ?

5. Who came to wash herself at the river ?

What did her maidens do ?

What did the princess do upon seeing the ark ?

6. What occurred when she opened the ark ?

What effect had its weeping upon the princess ?

What did she say ?

7. Who then addressed her ?

What did his sister say ?

8. Did the princess consent?

Whom did she call?

9. What did the princess say to her?

What did the mother do?

10. What afterwards occurred to the child?

What was he called?

Why was he called Moses?

Intellectual Questions.

VERSE 1. *Question.* What is meant by being of the house of Levi?

Answer. A descendant of the family and tribe of Levi.

Q. Who was Levi?

A. The third son of Jacob. His descendants became the tribe from which the priests were selected. Thus the great lawgiver, Moses, was selected from this peculiarly religious family.

3. *Q.* What was the ark of bulrushes?

A. It was a small boat or basket, made of the papyrus, or bulrush.

Q. Where does this plant usually grow?

A. Most abundantly upon the banks of the Nile, and in marshy grounds.

Q. Why did she daub it with slime and with pitch?

A. To render it water-proof. Much the same method is still employed in closing up the seams of vessels, as they fill them with melted pitch.

Q. Why did the mother adopt this mode, do you suppose, of trying to save the child, instead of taking it at once to the palace?

A. As the more likely means. At the close of the first chapter, we are told that Pharaoh, the king, had cruelly decreed, "Every son that is born ye shall cast into the river." It is, therefore, probable, that the mother adopted this method, hoping, as she could no longer hide the child, that she might literally conform to the decree, and possibly preserve its life.

Q. Is it probable that she had any reference to the princess in this matter?

A. It is. As bathing in those countries was a frequent practice, and regularly observed, and as it is most likely a princess would have some one place for that purpose, the mother doubtless hoped that the child would attract her attention and secure her compassion.

6. *Q.* What occurred when she opened the ark?

A. The babe wept.

Q. Is there any thing seemingly providential in that incident?

A. There is. Nothing touches the feelings of humanity more than the sight of an innocent lovely child in distress. It was, therefore, well calculated to touch the heart of the princess.

Q. What is indicated in her expression, "this is one of the Hebrew's children"?

A. As many children were daily thrown into the river, doubtless the heart of the princess had often been melted at the sufferings of the poor Hebrew women, and the plaintive cry of this lovely infant was likely to bring to her own bosom a sense of the anguish of the poor Hebrew mothers, and to prompt to a strong desire to save it.

7. Q. What do you perceive in the conduct of his sister?

A. Great affection and wisdom. As the princess might have been much embarrassed to know what to do with the child, it was peculiarly timely to propose to call one of the Hebrew women to nurse it.

9. Q. What did the princess say to the mother?

A. "Take this child," &c. [*Repeat the verse.*]

10. Q. Why was he called Moses?

A. Because that word, in the Egyptian language, signifies "one drawn out of the water."

Q. What may we learn from the manner of his preservation?

A. That his mother and sister acted wisely in not sinking into despair. Even providence requires our best exertions.

Q. What other truth does it teach us?

A. That God uses often the feeblest agencies

in the achievement of his greatest purposes. Though intending the preservation of Moses, for great and exalted purposes, yet he employed his natural guardians as co-workers in his purposes.

Q. Perhaps you may discover in his preservation something further.

A. We can see how God can make even the "wrath of man to praise him;" for the daughter of the very king who made this dreadful decree, is made the instrument of raising up the remarkable man who was to be the temporal redeemer of Israel.

Q. Had this king any right to make such a decree?

A. Surely not. But under despotic governments and heathen institutions the lives of children are but little valued.

Q. What does the author of our blessed religion say of children?

A. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Q. What influence ought this consideration to have upon us?

A. To be grateful for the blessings of Christianity, and to cherish the institutions of a country whose government respects the life of the humblest.

BIBLE CLASS LESSON.

[Six boys and six girls.]

SOLOMON'S PRAYER FOR WISDOM.—1 Kings iii.
1-15.

Textual Questions.

VERSE 1. Whom did Solomon marry?

What did he build?

2. Where did the people sacrifice?

Why?

3. Whom did Solomon love?

How did he walk?

How did he worship?

Where?

4. Where did he afterward go?

For what?

Why?

What did he offer upon that altar?

5. Where did the Lord appear to Solomon?

How?

What did the Lord say to Solomon?

6. What did Solomon reply?

[Let one of the class repeat the 6th verse, the next the 7th verse, &c.]

10. What resulted from Solomon's speech?

11. What did the Lord then say to him?

[Here, as above, let a verse be spoken by each, until the four verses are repeated.]

15. What did Solomon perceive when he awoke?

Where did he go?

What did he then do?

Intellectual Questions.

VERSE 2. *Question.* What do you understand by the high places?

Answer. It appears to have been usual to have the worship of God upon mountains, before the building of the temple. Abraham worshipped upon a mountain.

Q. Do you remember any other instance?

A. Moses went up into a mountain, and there received the law.

Q. Can you refer to still another instance?

A. It was upon Mount Nebo Moses died. It is probable he had gone to its summit to worship.

Q. What reasons are assigned for the selection of high places, in the earlier worship?

A. Besides affording places of retirement, these eminences, it was thought, by the grandeur of the prospect, impressed the mind with

those views of the power of God which tended to humble the heart in adoration.

Q. Were those places ever used for improper purposes?

A. They were; and became the scenes of gross idolatry.

Q. What inference may be drawn from this?

A. That, however proper it certainly is to have all external things in conformity with the great purposes of worship, yet any attempt to excite to the worship of God by exterior objects, tends to corrupt the simplicity of faith, and to promote superstition and idolatry.

3. Q. Do Solomon's acts of worship in these "high places" appear to be approved?

A. The language of the narrative would rather imply censure. The probability is, that Solomon's discovery of the inconvenience of this mode, and its tendency to idolatry, excited to the purpose of erecting the temple.

4. Q. Why did Solomon go to Gibeon?

A. The tabernacle, and altar of burnt sacrifice, made by Moses, were there, prior to the building of the temple.

Q. Where was Gibeon?

A. It was a city reared upon a hill, about forty furlongs north of Jerusalem.

Q. What is a furlong?

A. The eighth of a mile.

Q. What then would be the distance?

A. Five miles.

5. Q. How did the Lord appear to Solomon at Gibeon?

A. In a dream.

Q. Was this a supernatural dream?

A. It was. The exercises of the day had made a strong impression upon his mind. Dreams usually result from such causes. In this instance the dream was evidently from God.

Q. Should such instances encourage us to attach importance to dreams generally?

A. They should not. Although instances are recorded in the Bible where they have been supernatural, still we should remember that a supernatural use has been made of almost every natural means.

7. Q. What confession does Solomon make of his inability?

A. "I am but a little child; I know not how to go out or come in."

Q. How old was Solomon at this time?

A. About twenty years of age.

Q. Why then did he call himself "a little child"?

A. In view of the responsibility of governing a nation so numerous and great as Israel was, he felt as inexperienced and inadequate as

a child. It was an indication of self-distrust, and of his need of divine direction.

9. Q. What did Solomon ask of the Lord?

A. "Give therefore thy servant," &c. [*Repeat the verse.*]

10. Q. What effect had this prayer?

A. It pleased the Lord.

11. Q. What were those things in not asking which, Solomon pleased the Lord?

A. "And God said unto him," &c. [*Repeat the verse.*]

. Q. What may we learn from this?

A. We may learn that a desire for long life—great riches—and to see his enemies involved in calamity, are too commonly the objects of man's anxiety.

12, 13, 14. Q. What did the Lord give to Solomon?

A. "Behold I have done," &c. [*Repeat verses 12, 13, 14.*]

Q. With what great truth does this correspond?

A. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

Q. Is this confirmed in the New Testament?

A. Our Saviour says, "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

15. Q. What did Solomon do upon awaking?

A. "And he came to Jerusalem," &c. [*Repeat.*]

Q. What was a "burnt offering"?

A. It was a sacrifice made by fire. The victim was to be without blemish, having neither a spot, nor broken bone. The fire denoted the justice and holiness of God; by his justice the sacrifice was consumed, and by his holiness accepted.

Q. What was a "peace-offering"?

A. It was an offering of thanksgiving for peace, or for mercies received.

Q. Why do not Christians have such altars and sacrifices now?

A. Because all those services pointed to the "Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." They being types of the offering of Christ, and all pointing to him, the shadow is done away by the thing signified.

Q. How then can we offer sacrifices to God?

A. Though we are not to look for salvation in dreams, nor to sacrifice at a Jewish altar, yet by faith we can be "in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption."

Q. For what did Christ die?

A. "To be the propitiation for our sins."

Q. Can each one of you, in turn, quote a passage of Scripture, proving that this propitiation, sacrifice, or atonement, was made in the one offering of Christ?

[Let the first one in the class commence, and, in order, let each follow, viz :]

1. HEBREWS, 9th chapter, 11th and 12th verses.—“But Christ being come an high priest of good things to come, by a greater and more perfect tabernacle, not made with hands, that is to say, not of this building; neither by the blood of goats and calves, but by his own blood, he entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us.”

2. HEBREWS, 9th chapter, 13th and 14th verses.—“For if the blood of bulls and of goats, and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh: how much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God?”

3. HEBREWS, 9th chapter, 28th verse.—“Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many.”

4. 1st COR. 5th chapter, 7th verse.—“For even Christ our passover is sacrificed for us.”

5. COL. 1st chapter, 19th and 20th verses.—“For it pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell; and, having made peace through the blood of his cross, by him to reconcile all things unto himself.”

6. ROM. 5th chapter, 8th verse.—“But God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us.”

7. EPH. 5th chapter, 2d verse.—“And walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us, an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savour.”

8. HEBREWS, 10th chapter, 10th verse.—“By the which will we are sanctified, through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all.”

9. HEB. 10th chapter, 14th verse.—“For by one offering he hath perfected forever them that are sanctified.”

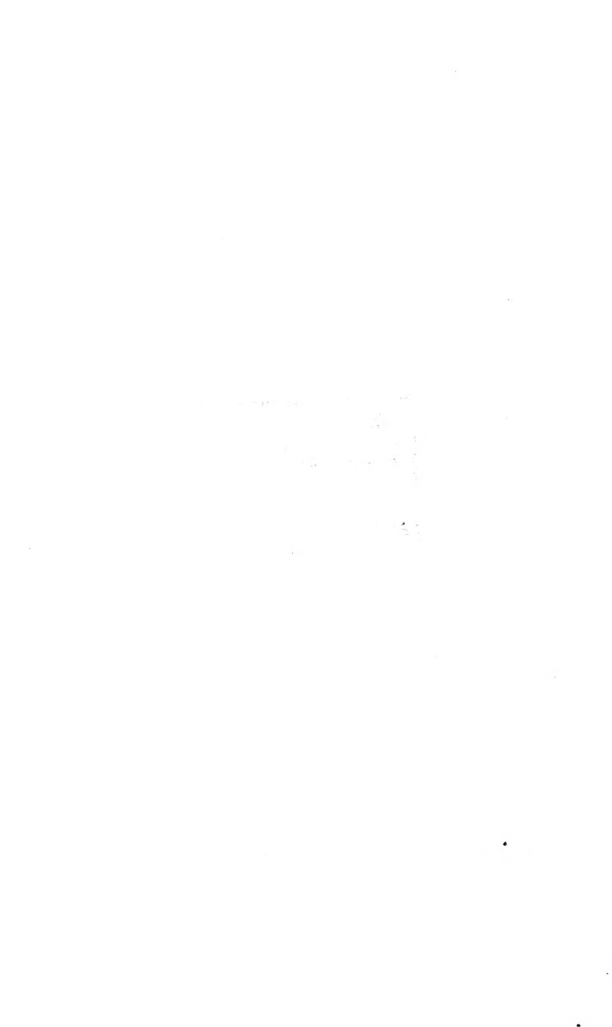
10. HEB. 10th chapter, from 19th to 22d verse.—“Having, therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us, through the vail, that is to say, his flesh; and having an high priest over the house of God; Let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water.”

11. ROM. 3d chapter, 25th verse.—“Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in his blood.”

12. HEB. 7th chapter, 25th verse.—“Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.”







HYMNS.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARIES
AND ADAPTED TO VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

HYMNS FOR CHRISTMAS.

HYMN I. C. M.

SHALL Bethlehem forget her night,
Nor wait the ling'ring dawn,
Shall shepherds, led by angel light,
Go seek the Holy One ?
And we, for whom the Just One came,
For whom he left yon throne,
Shall we not dwell upon his name,
Nor sing his love our own ?

Shalt thou, belov'd Jerusalem,
Where stood His house of prayer,
Be fill'd as with seraphic flame,
When children-choirs are there ?
And shall not we, His courts who tread,
The child's hosanna yield,
Though on his path no mantles spread,
Nor gold our off'rings gild ?

No, Jesus ! no ! we'll not withhold
The praise that wakes the earth ;
Had we ten thousand harps of gold,
We'd chant the Saviour's birth ;
Thou art our Shepherd—we thy lambs,
Thy fold, the plains of heaven,
And here and there to Jesus' name,
Our endless praise be given.

HYMN II. C. M.

WHAT though no harp with golden string,
 Our grateful hymn shall swell,
 Yet here our hearts we humbly bring,
 On Jesus' love to dwell.

O could we with seraphic songs,
 This holy temple fill,
 Then would we use our flaming tongues,
 And sing a Saviour still.

High would we praise "the Morning Star,"
 Which beam'd on error's night,
 That chas'd the gloom of sin afar,
 And brought immortal light.

Wide o'er the earth we'd chant his name,
 Who bending from his throne,
 To seek e'en little children came,
 And gather as his own.

O may we, when his flocks shall rest,
 Upon the heavenly plain,
 Be with our Shepherd's smile caress'd,
 And sing his love again.

Yes, holy Saviour, Thee we'll own,
 Creation's pow'ful God,
 And sing before thy lofty throne,
 Redemption in thy blood.

HYMN III.

TUNE—*Portuguese Hymn.*

YE angels of heaven, the high-born of glory,
 If still to the earth ye descend with delight,
 Again let your anthems rehearse the glad story,
 Which early ye chanted o'er **Bethlehem's** night.

No shepherds forsaking their flocks now reclining,
 With myrtle adorning the manger, appear ;
 No star from the east in its glory is shining,
 Yet children adore him—for Jesus is here.

No wise men are coming from Orient nations,
 To offer their homage with incense and gold,
 Yet children rejoice in Messiah's salvation,
 Salvation in Jesus, by prophets foretold.

The hope that first dawn'd on the darkness of Eden,
 That broke in its glory on Bethlehem's plains,
 Still guides in its brightness the children now speeding,
 To yield a full homage to Jesus' reign.

Then angels respond, while we children uniting,
 Awaken with rapture our songs in his praise ;
 The leader of Joseph his flock is inviting,
 And higher we'll praise him in heaven's bright days.

HYMN IV.

TUNE—*Palestine.*

LET us sing to the Lord—lo! from yonder bright throne,
 He descended to gladden the earth ;
 When no palace of glory he claimed for his own,
 But a manger was his in his birth.
 Shall the wise men, and shepherds, and angels adore,
 And shall children their praises forbear ?
 O no! we will ponder in silence no more,
 But will worship with anthems and prayer.

Let us sing to the Lord,—who in Judah appear'd,
 Zion's King, meek and lowly he came,
 When their garments and palms on his pathway were spread,
 And hosannas were sung to his name.
 But more precious to him were the joys of the young,
 And more perfect their motives in praise,
 When the Saviour rejoic'd in the love-glowing song,
 And the temple was filled with their lays.

Let us sing to the Lord,—for our hearts are his own,
 And children the fold of his care,
 On Calvary's cross, or eternity's throne,
 He is mov'd at the voice of their prayer.
 Though no garments we spread—though no palm branches wave,
 Yet the heart is the offering we give,
 And we trust that the Lord, who descended to save,
 Will the anthems of children receive.



HYMNS FOR NEW-YEAR.

HYMN V. 6's & 8's.

WE bow before thy throne,
 Thou great and pard'ning God,
 And sing thy love our own,
 Through Jesus's holy blood;
 Within thy courts we would appear,
 And hail with joy the new-born year.

Though angel-choirs on high,
 Their noblest anthems swell—
 We would in praise draw nigh,
 And on thy mercy dwell;
 That mercy sure, the child will hear,
 Which led us through the by-gone year.

What though the sun of day,
 May far diffuse his light,
 Each star, with humbler ray,
 May speak Jehovah's might;
 So may each child a light appear,
 To spread thy praise throughout the year.

Thou hast upheld us, Lord,
 In love watch'd o'er our path—
 Each day with mercy stor'd,
 And held us back from death;
 In Jesus' name, O hear our prayer—
 Forgive the sins of every year.

When life shall pass away,
 And time with us be o'er,
 O may we in that day,
 Thy pow'r and love adore ;
 The Father, Son, and Spirit, there,
 We'll praise throughout the heavenly year.

HYMN VI. 8's & 7's.

CHILDREN, come with joy abounding,
 Gladness wakes the grateful earth—
 Mercy's smile the day surrounding,
 When another year hath birth.
 Wake the song of every nation :
 Spread the loud hosanna far—
 Sing of him who brought salvation ;
 Him the bright and morning star.

Once, when from the throne of heaven,
 He appear'd in spirit mild,
 Not an angel's form was given ;
 Jesus came an humble child.
 Wake the song of every nation, &c.

Though the crowns of earth were proffer'd,
 When the Lord appear'd to save,
 Richer crowns the children offer'd,
 In the grateful hymns they gave.
 Wake the song of every nation, &c,

When around the Prince of Glory,
 Mothers with their children came,
 Infant hearts inhal'd the story—
 Infant voices blessed his name.
 Wake the song of every nation, &c.

Humbly we would seek his blessing :
 Wait within the house of prayer,
 While the debt of love increasing,
 In our safety through the year.
 Wake the song of every nation, &c

May his presence still be given,
 Through our earthly brief career,
 Till we join the song of heaven,
 In a new and happy year.
 Wake the song of every nation. &c.

HYMN VII.

TUNE—*Life on the ocean wave.*

COME sing, 'tis a festal hour,
 Let us meet with sacred cheer;
 Preserved by a Saviour's power,
 We sing to the new-born year.
 The bird of summer is fled,
 And with it each twilight sigh,
 The frail smiling flower is dead,
 But joys of winter are nigh.
 Come sing, 'tis a festal hour, &c.

O'er fields no longer we roam,
 The snow and the cold are there,
 No more mid the meadow's bloom,
 Our steps to the streamlet repair.
 In hymns of evening we blend,
 And mingle in friendship pure,
 The joys of summer may end,
 But the joys of home endure.
 Come sing, 'tis a festal hour, &c.

With love our bosoms swell,
 To him whose name we adore,
 His mercy our songs shall tell,
 When joys of summer are o'er.
 'Tis ours his kindness to know
 And grateful his praise we sing,
 Here in his temple we bow,
 The heart is the tribute we bring.
 Come sing, 'tis a festal hour, &c.

HYMN VIII.

ON THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

TUNE—*Watchman,*

Teachers.—CHILDREN, can you tell us why,
 Angel-light illum'd the sky,
 When upon the fearful night,
 Mercy smil'd in heaven's light ?

Children.—Teachers, yes, that glorious hour,
 Saw the Saviour's wond'rous power,
 When he banish'd Salem's gloom,
 Rose in triumph from the tomb.

Teachers.—Children, could you feel her grief,
 When lone Mary sought relief,
 Would you not with her delight
 Still to watch the tardy night ?

Children.—Teachers, yes;—perfumes we'd strew,
 Tears would mingle with the dew,
 Gladness then should chase our gloom,
 Jesus rising from the tomb.

Teachers.—Children, come—your Lord adore,
 High he lives, to die no more,
 Once he slept in Joseph's grave,
 Now he reigns a Prince to save.

Children.—Teachers, yes, with glory's throng,
 We will chant redemption's song,
 He hath driven death afar,
 Reigns he now “the morning star.”



HYMNS FOR ANY OCCASION.

HYMN IX.

TUNE—*Fondly thine own.*

Rise—rise—free from thy mourning,
 Light—light—breaks from the sky,
 See—see—bright the day dawning,
 Jesus is risen on high.

Rise—rise—rise—rise—Jesus is risen, &c.

Come—come—sing to the Saviour,
 Love—love—beams from his eye,
 Haste—haste—share in his favour,
 Worship the Saviour on high.

Come—come—come—come—Worship, &c.

Praise—praise—yield him with gladness,
 Earth—earth—banish thy gloom ;
 Where—death—where is thy sadness ?
 Jesus returns from the tomb.

Praise—praise—praise—praise—Jesus, &c.

Hail—hail—children adore thee,
 Here—here—anthems we give,
 There—there—dwelling in glory,
 Love in thy life we'll receive.

Hail—hail—all hail—Love in, &c.

HYMN X.

TUNE—*The Might with the Right.*

O SEE on high, along the sky,
 There beams a morning star,
 It bids at last, the night be past,
 Which spreads its shades afar.
 Though long in vain, 'neath error's reign,
 The soul hath sought to break its chain
 Yet the Prince of Peace shall reign,
 When the hour of his power, and his truth shall come,
 And the earth once more,
 His love shall adore,
 And God dispel all gloom.

All nations soon, shall hail the boon,
 And seek Messiah's throne,
 Lov'd childhood's prayer, shall mingle there
 When Christ shall reign alone.
 To Him, its King, the earth shall sing,
 And every heart its offering bring,
 And the Prince of Peace shall reign,
 When the hour of his power, &c.

Let those who claim, the Saviour's name,
 The Saviour's meekness show,
 And in his bright and glorious light,
 May all their virtues glow.
 To those who dwell, in error's spell,
 That Saviour's birth, will gladly tell,
 And the Prince of Peace shall reign,
 When the hour of his power, &c.

Then far and wide, on every tide,
 On every wind of heaven,
 From rosy light, to deepest night
 O let the song be given,
 Till sorrows cease, and all is peace,
 And earth again hath holy bliss,
 And the Prince of Peace shall reign.
 When the hour of his power, &c.

HYMN XI.

NATURE with ten thousand smiles,
 Spreads her joys around us,
 And with tender love beguiles,
 When lone grief confounds us.
 When her stars are glowing,
 Crystal streamlets flowing,
 Flowers their beauty showing,
 Then do nature's pleasures bless,
 And the soul hath love and peace.

Yet how transient is the gleam,
 Nature's smile can give us,
 Stars in clouds may hide their beam,
 Flowers may fade and leave us.
 Grief the soul assailing,
 Wither'd joys bewailing,
 All our pleasures failing,
 Other joys the soul must bless,
 Nature hath no constant peace.

O there is a world on high,
 Where bright stars are glowing,
 Flowers there bloom that never die,
 Fountains ever flowing.
 From that world descending,
 Jesus comes befriending,
 His are joys unending,
 Yes his love the soul can bless,
 With religion's constant peace.

HYMN XII.

TUNE—*Music and Love.*

LOVELY and gay, in Eden's day,
 Ere yet the world knew sadness,
 Oft the angel-throng, in a blissful song
 Attun'd their harps in gladness.
 Then raise on high, through earth and sky
 The song which broke from heaven,
 And loudly proclaim, the holy name
 By which redemption's given.

Gladly and free, with hearts of glee,
 We hail the day appointed,
 In view of His cross, our hearts rejoice,
 And praise the Lord's anointed.
 Then raise on high, &c.

Calmly and blest, to promis'd rest,
 The tribes of old He guided,
 When Israel stood, beside the flood,
 His power the deep divided.
 Then raise on high, &c.

Darker and wide, sin's fearful tide,
 Long swept in wildest madness,
 When the Saviour came, like clouded flame
 To 'lume the night of sadness.
 Then raise on high, &c.

Happy above, in realms of love,
 Where angels e'er adore Him,
 The crown we receive—that crown we'll give,
 And bow in love before Him.
 Then raise on high, &c.

HYMN XIII.

TUNE—*Flow gently sweet Afton.*

WHAT though the pure Christian on earth ever treads,
 In paths where life's pleasures so often must fade,
 There is a true Shepherd, with friendship e'er pure,
 Whose smile in each trial will steadfast endure.
 We cling to that Saviour, upheld by his power,
 And trust to his mercy in each fearful hour:
 He dwells in yon heaven, with angels on high,
 Where anthems of triumph are heard in the sky.

In seasons of darkness when night spreads around,
 And the moans of the tempest in fearfulness sound,
 As an infant whose dreams for awhile may alarm,
 Awakes to repose on a fond mother's arm,
 So we will awake when this dream flies away,
 And life shall be lost in eternity's day,
 Where night never comes in the pure world on high,
 And anthems of triumph are heard in the sky.

How bright is that world where the saints e'er abide,
 Where joys from pure fountains in fulness e'er glide,
 Where the air is all love, and the flowers that bloom,
 Ever glow on the paths where the angels oft come.
 Each scene, O how lovely! all around the bright throne,
 Where Jesus resides in the world all his own,
 And the lov'd harps of angels are sounding on high,
 Where anthems of triumph are heard in the sky.

HYMN XIV.

TUNE—*Auld Lang Syne.*

WHEN childhood's blissful hours have fled,
 Mid future scenes of care,
 Thy joys from memory ne'er shall fade,
 Sweet Sabbath school so dear.

Sweet Sabbath School, place dear to me,
 Where e'er through life I roam,
 My heart will often turn to thee,
 My childhood's Sabbath home.

Within thy courts of Him I've heard
 Whose birth the angels sung,
 When o'er the Shepherds fill'd with fear,
 The star of glory hung.
 Sweet Sabbath School, &c.

There I have learn'd man's early loss
 Of Eden and of God,
 There faith hath seen Salvation's cross,
 Where richer mercy glow'd.
 Sweet Sabbath School, &c.

O holy place, where first we shed,
 Lov'd childhood's early tear,
 Where youthful steps are taught to tread,
 In paths of peace and prayer.
 Sweet Sabbath School, &c.

When all our wanderings here shall cease,
 And cares of life shall end,
 In God's eternal Sabbath place,
 May we our anthems blend.
 Sweet Sabbath School, &c.



HYMNS FOR INFANT CLASSES

HYMN XV.

TUNE—*Blue-eyed Mary.*

COME join the Infant school with me,
 True pleasures there you'll find;
 And pictures round the room you'll see,
 To interest the mind.

The noble horse that prances gay,
 The lion, strong and bold :
 The little lamb that loves to play,
 Which e'en a child may hold.

We sing of Him who made the sun,
 And moon and stars so high,
 And all that fly—or swim—or run,—
 Who made the earth and sky.

Come, then, and join our infant band,
 Where pleasures hold control,
 You'll sing and clap your little hands,—
 Come, join our infant school.

HYMN XVI.

TUNE—*The Troubadour.*

HARK ! how the angels sing,
 Anthems from heaven,
 Tidings of joy they bring,
 Jesus is given ;
 He comes the world to own,
 Earth hail thy king,
 Children come, seek his throne,
 Your praises bring.

O lovely Bethlehem,
 Had we been there,
 Guarding our tender lambs
 With fondest care ;
 We with the shepherd throng
 Flowrets would bear,
 With the rose and the song,
 Glad'ning the air.

Still in the temple here
 He deigns to dwell,
 Deeming sweet childhood's prayer
 Richest perfume.

No flowrets he'll receive,
 Strew'd at his feet,
 While the song childhood gives,
 To him is sweet.

O may these little ones,
 In yonder heaven,
 Worship before the throne,
 Where joy is given:
 Where flowers that never die,
 Lov'd angels bring,
 In the world o'er the sky,
 With them we'll sing.

HYMN XVII.

TUNE—*Come to the sun-set tree.*

COME to the Infant school,
 The child's delightful home,
 Where hearts with joy are full,
 When the blessed Sabbath's come.
 Sweet are the joys we share,
 To hear of his pure love,
 Who makes the young his care,
 And guides to scenes above.
 Come, come, &c.

Bright is the early dawn,
 Of the day we love the best,
 We hail its lovely sun,
 As it brings the day of rest.
 When the shades of evening spread,
 Peace guards our little hearts,
 We feel no conscious dread,
 As the Sabbath day departs.
 Come, come, &c.

Sing to the Saviour here,
 Whom angels sing on high,
 We feel his mercy near,
 Though his throne is in the sky.

Close by his side we cling,
 And know his care is given,
 His praise, O ! may we sing,
 With angel choirs in heaven.
 Come, come, &c.

HYMN XVIII.

TUNE—*The Rose that all are praising.*

LET others sing of gladness,
 That cheers the winter hours,
 To me there is a sadness
 In the absence of the flowers.
 O give to me the joys of May,
 When birds begin their songs and play ;
 O give me lovely May, &c.

Let others pine for glory,
 Such as the world can give ;
 'Tis all a dream or story,
 Which but a day can live :
 Give me the hour of harmless play,
 When children crown their Queen of May ;
 O give me lovely May, &c.

The wind so cold and dreary,
 Then feels the sun's warm ray,
 And nature lone and dreary,
 Smiles in the light of May ;
 Then children seek the flowery way,
 And crown with wreaths their Queen of May ;
 O give me lovely May, &c.

Then sing—for Summer's coming,
 With lovely flower and bird ;
 Then through the valley blooming,
 Shall joyous songs be heard ;
 Then let the winter speed away,
 We'll go to crown the Queen of May ;
 O give me lovely May, &c

HYMN XIX.

TUNE—*The Rose of Allandale.*

THE joys that I have known of earth,
 However young my heart,
 Whate'er their smiles, whate'er their worth,
 Have bloom'd but to depart ;
 But there's a joy that comes from high,
 Whose smile shall never cease,
 The joy that fades not with a sigh,
 The heavenly hope of peace.
 The heavenly hope of peace, &c.

The bird that sings its meadow song,
 In Flora's lovely bower,
 Or flies amid the forest throng,
 How brief its sunny hour ;
 The forest beauties all decay,
 The songs of birds must cease,
 But there's a joy ne'er fades away,
 The heavenly hope of peace.
 The heavenly hope of peace, &c.

O ! may my heart by wisdom led,
 Ne'er seek undue delight,
 In joys that brighten but to fade,
 Like meteors of the night ;
 But to my young and gentle heart,
 One joy I'll early press,
 Whose smiles in darkness ne'er depart,
 The heavenly hope of peace.
 The heavenly hope of peace, &c.

HYMN XX.

TUNE—*The Ingle Side.*

HEARTS may delight in error's way,
 And say the scenes are fair,
 And seek to spend the holy day,
 Forgetful e'er of prayer ;

But when the vale of death they tread,
 No flower the eye shall see,—
 A place there is where joy is shed,
 The place of prayer for me.

On other days the fields I'll view,
 And cull the blossoms gay,
 But may my heart in virtue true,
 Revere the Sabbath day ;
 From worldly pleasures, worldly cares,
 From every sin I'll flee ;
 And haste the Saviour's love to share,
 The place of prayer for me.

How calm the smile that heaven gives
 To cheer adoring hearts,
 In future years that smile revives,
 When other joy departs ;
 No sigh disturbs the tranquil breast,
 From anguish ever free,
 Then give, upon each day of rest,
 The place of prayer to me.

A world there is where God abides,
 A lovely Sabbath-place,
 A world where Jesus e'er resides,
 And saints behold his face ;
 'Tis found by those who love to pray,
 Its glories I would see,
 Then give, upon each Sabbath day,
 The place of prayer to me.

HYMN XXI.

'Tis sweet, in hours of childhood,
 To range the flowery lawn,
 To seek the shady wildwood,
 At twilight or at dawn :
 More precious far the blessings,
 That childhood finds in prayer,
 When the day away is passing,
 And we to rest repair.

When life's brief, sunny pleasures,
With years have fled away,
And much belov'd as treasures,
Like dreams have met decay:
One pleasure still attending,
Gives hope most bright and fair,
In life, in death, befriending—
'Tis childhood's love of prayer.



